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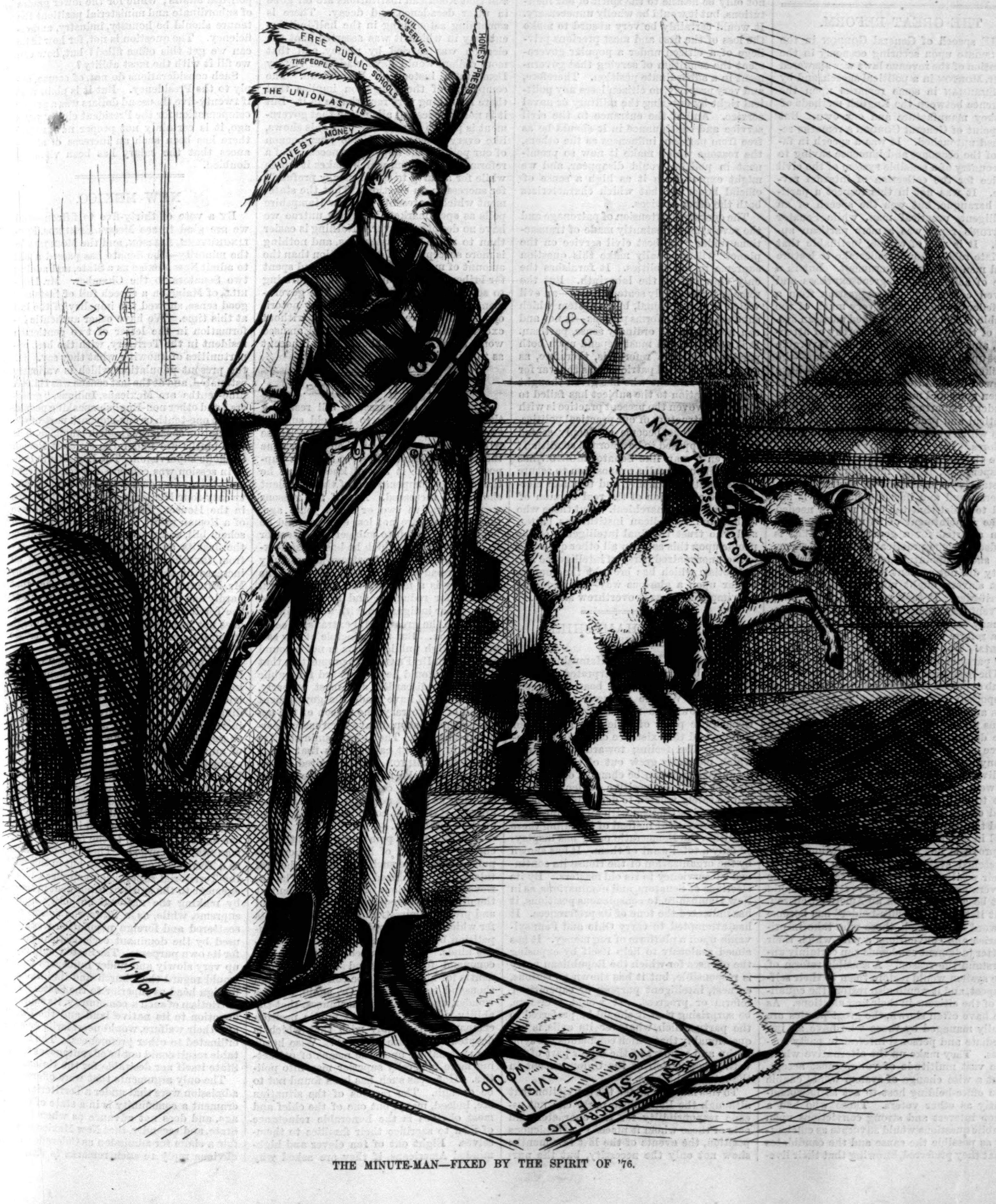
FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CIVIL SERVICE
HONEST PRESS
THE PEOPLE
THE UNION AS IT IS
HONEST MONEY
1776
1876
NEW HAMPSHIRE VICTORY
JEFF DAVIS
WOOD
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THE NEW DEMOCRATIC SLATE
Th. Nast

THE MINUTE-MAN—FIXED BY THE SPIRIT OF '76.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 1, 1876.

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THE GREAT REFORM.

The speech of General Gordon in the Senate upon securing economy in the execution of the revenue laws was answered by Mr. Morton in a political speech, and by Mr. Sherman in some remarks upon the difference between the English methods of whiskey manufacture and our own. But the point of General Gordon's remarks remained untouched. It was a speech in favor of the economy and immense saving to the country of a sensible system of the civil service for the collection of internal revenue. It was not in this respect a partisan harangue, but was the speech of an intelligent, practical man, while Senator Morton's reply was a mere partisan appeal. It is not, of course, justifiable that the late rebels should undertake to lecture loyal men upon misgovernment. But in a time of acknowledged great expenses and proved corruption, the suggestion from a Confederate soldier that very much of the trouble is due to the wretched partisan system of the civil service is worthy of attention, and will not fail to have a favorable effect upon the country. Recent events—the whiskey suits, the Belknap disgrace—have renewed public interest in the question. It is seen more and more clearly to be of transcendent importance. There is no other practical and practicable way to reach the evils which every honest man confesses and deplores. It is in vain that conventions resolve that official integrity and fidelity are indispensable, if the individual delegates constantly countenance a system which fosters fraud and incompetency. It is absurd to insist that the only reform needed is the appointment of fit men. That has been asserted for a generation. What is needed is some practical method of securing such appointments. The Republican party did not content itself with declaring that slavery ought not to extend to the Territories. It took practical measures to prevent its extension. The Republican party may contain most of the sincere friends of a reform of the method of civil appointments. But if they can not secure action, the party is not the party of reform.

The recent resolutions of the Union League Club express a vigorous indignation with the despotism of government officers in primaries and conventions. And in the preparations for the New York Convention to elect the delegates to Cincinnati, the organized force of that body has been widely felt. In many instances we have no doubt that the individual feelings of the agents of this power were averse to the task which they were set to do. There are hosts of honorable and excellent officers in the civil service, and the humiliation which they necessarily feel in executing orders which they do not approve is but another illustration of the wretched system under which they hold their positions. The official service of the government in any capacity certainly should not be a stigma upon an American citizen. But if the term "office-holder" has become a word of reproach, those who take in primaries and conventions a part which their better judgment condemns can certainly understand the reason. A sensible reform of the system would restore them to their self-respect, and it would also restore the equality of the citizens in their first elections. As we have often shown, the great parties are really managed by those who have an immediate and personal interest in party success. They make up the alternative which the vast multitude of voters must accept. But a wise change of system would enable the office-holding host to act as independently as other voters. Those who had a deep interest and strong convictions upon public questions would advocate as efficiently as possible the cause and the candidates that they preferred, knowing that their livelihood would be no more endangered by such conduct than that of the baker, or the merchant, or the lawyer. On the other hand, those who had no such interest—and a very large part of them would not have it—would refrain from active participation in politics.

The English system, as General Gordon stated, in many branches disfranchises the office-holders. That has been sometimes desperately suggested as the only remedy for our situation; and the office-holders themselves sometimes sarcastically inquire whether the service of the government operates as a political disqualification. To this it may be observed, that a certain sense of propriety has always restrained the army and navy from a conspicuous and active management in politics. Yet why should not the American citizen who is commander of the United States post at Governor's Island undertake to manage party action as much as the American citizen who is collector of the United States customs at New York or elsewhere? The official function of each is governmental, not partisan. But such disfranchisement in this country would not only be hostile to the spirit of our institutions, but it would be wholly unnecessary. It would certainly be very absurd to make the loss of the first and most precious privilege of a citizen under a popular government the condition of serving that government in a subordinate position. Therefore, and very properly, no citizen loses any political right by entering the military or naval service. And if the entrance to the civil service and continuance in it should be as free from partisan influences as the others, the reasons which make it now so prominent in politics would disappear, and we might expect from it as high a sense of official honor as that which characterizes both the other services.

The enormous extension of patronage and the revelations constantly made of transactions under "the best civil service on the planet" will gradually make this question supreme in our politics. It furnishes the only clew out of the labyrinth. But the remedy for so deeply seated an evil—an evil which is not personal, but a system which subdues and transforms persons—is not and can not be, in the ordinary sense, partisan. It is patriotic. It must depend upon both parties. And the reform is, therefore, as much a test of real patriotism as the war for the Union. No one who has given thought and observation to the subject has failed to see how inwoven the present practice is with the whole structure of our practical politics. The disease has become so deeply seated that it is supposed to be a normal condition; and even a man like Senator Morton has the hardihood to call a proposition to secure administrative economy, and to make elections the expression of the real opinion of the country, "monarchical." But those who understand republican institutions better, and who trust the final intelligence of the people upon this as upon all other questions—the unorganized party of intelligence and patriotism which has brought the country so far upon a glorious way—will conquer this impediment as it overthrew slavery.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

The result of the New Hampshire election will be variously interpreted, for, like Bible texts, elections will bear many constructions. We are disposed to consider that it shows the radical distrust of the Democratic party of which we have often spoken, and the existence of which is undeniable. The feeling toward that party, which naturally grew out of the war and its antecedents, can be changed only by the clearest and most positive evidence that it can be safely trusted to deal with vigor, sagacity, and patriotism with all the questions of the hour. But instead of revealing these qualities, the Democratic party has displayed only a total want of them. It has shown by the organization of the House its continued subserviency to its old masters. By its elections of Senators, and nominations, as in New Hampshire, to conspicuous positions, it has indicated the tone of its preferences. It has attempted to carry Ohio and Pennsylvania upon a platform of rag money. It has aimed zealously to help itself by exposing the offenses for which the Republican party is responsible, but it has shown no serious, earnest, intelligent purpose or capacity of reform or progress. It would, therefore, be surprising that it should be preferred to the party which, whatever its evils, is unquestionably that which commands the sympathy and support of the larger part of the voting population of the Union, except in the late rebel States.

To this must be added the conviction that although the Republican party can not escape responsibility for the character and acts of those whom it places in conspicuous position, the events of the last few months show not only the necessity, but the purpose, of the control of the party by those who represent its real spirit of progress and reform. It is the belief that the plain protests and criticisms of Republican papers upon such scandals as the whiskey trials, the Belknap disgrace, and the Schenck affair, such vigorous denunciations and demands as those of the Union League Club resolutions in New York; the general feeling, of which every body is conscious, that the condition of success is a loftier tone of political morality in administration—it is the belief that all such signs show a healthy Republican revival, which still keeps the State of New Hampshire in Republican hands.

This we say upon the presumption that there is some kind of political significance in the election. If there is not; if it be, as some of the papers stoutly and with perfect composure assert, merely a bargain and sale; if each party, anxious to secure the first marked success of this year, sent thousands of dollars into the State and entered into a rivalry for the purchase of votes, the result of the New Hampshire election shows only that the Republicans spent the most money, and that American institutions are far gone in utter decadence and decay. There is something astonishing in the half-indifferent way in which it was asserted that the election was carried by money, and that more dollars would have made the victory Democratic instead of Republican. The composure of the allegation implies that there is nothing very remarkable in it. But it is none the less an allegation that government is put up at auction. And this shows, like every other unhandsome phenomenon of our politics, the imperative necessity of a reform of the system which makes it worth while for a party to spend money profusely for success in an election. That the statement which represents the New Hampshire polls as open markets is largely untrue we have no doubt whatever. Nothing is easier than to make such assertions, and nothing is more susceptible of exaggeration than the amount of money which is given and spent for bribery at elections. But it is alarming to see that the assertion that the government of a State was determined by notorious fraud can be generally made without exciting other than a languid and amused wonder that any body should be so innocent as to think it strange.

OFFICIAL SALARIES.

The Senate has passed a bill restoring the President's salary to the old sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. The House will probably concur, and then we presume that the President will veto it. We suppose so because it is well known that he thought the compensation of the President should be increased. And if the reasons were imperative two or three years ago, they certainly are not less so now; and he would hardly wish to subject his successor to inconveniences which he has himself experienced, and which he strove successfully to have removed. The restoration of the old salary is a measure due to the general demand for reduction and reform, and to the popular indignation with what is justly held to be the great social extravagance of Washington. But the principle of low salaries for high public officers is not a sound one. When Dr. Franklin's proposition that the honor should be the reward for public service was discarded, and most properly, since it would have made the government a kind of plutocracy, the reason of the opposing theory should have been more clearly apprehended. The ablest administrative genius in the first cabinet was that of Alexander Hamilton, but he retired to private life that he might enjoy the income which his talent could readily command, and that he might not leave his family penniless. Hamilton could not afford to remain in public life.

And that is the point: ought not the pecuniary condition of high and responsible public office to be such that men of the first talent may be induced to take it? The various great positions of the government at the present time require for their successful and proper administration executive talents for which there is always sharp private competition between great enterprises of various kinds. Can we expect a man who can command forty thousand dollars permanently for his ability to be content with ten thousand temporarily? Or, again, can we wonder, under such circumstances, that the ability which is called to public position compares unfavorably with that which is devoted to private business? Wise heads are speculating upon the means of attracting more generally superior men into politics. Honor, as such, has been found not to be enough. The reasons of the situation are, indeed, many, but one of the chief and most obvious is the honorable reluctance of men to sacrifice their families to themselves. Eight out of ten clever and high-minded Americans, if they are asked why they take no active interest or part in politics, instantly reply that they can not afford it.

The small extent of the country when the national government went into operation, the simplicity of its functions, the roll of its officers not reaching the number of the servants of very many private companies to-day, the feeling of a large party in regard to the government that it was, as Jefferson belittlingly called it, a mere Department of Foreign Affairs, and the peculiar distinction of the public service at that time, were conditions very different from those with which we have to deal. It is the interest of the country to-day to tempt the best ability into official position. The favorite theory of many worthy people that any average American can admirably perform the duties of any office is not justified by the fact. For the higher political posts, the occupancy of which properly changes with a change of party ascendency, the salaries should be so liberal that trained ability would gladly accept them, and would therefore put itself in the way to reach them by participation in political affairs; while for the lower grades of subordinate and ministerial positions the tenure should be honesty, industry, and efficiency. The question is not, for how little can we get this office filled? but, how can we fill it with the most ability?

Such considerations do not, of course, apply to the Presidency. But it is plain that if twenty-five thousand dollars was a proper compensation for the President eighty years ago, it is certainly not proper now, unless there has been such an increase of allowances that the salary has been virtually doubled.

NEW MEXICO.

By a vote of thirty-five to fifteen—and we are glad to see Messrs. Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Allison, and the Morrills in the minority—the Senate has passed a bill to admit New Mexico as a State, and adding two Senators to the Chamber. Mr. Morrill, of Maine, in a speech full of facts and good sense, showed the impolicy of the bill at this time. We have other authentic information in the letter of two gentlemen resident in the Territory, with the best opportunities of knowing what they say. Of the present population, which is variously estimated, and at the last census was 111,000, nine-tenths are Mexicans, Indians, "greasers," and other non-English-speaking people. About one-tenth or one-eleventh part of the population speak the English language. The nine-tenths are under the strictest Roman Catholic supervision. The Legislature lately in session was composed of ten Mexicans and three Americans in the Senate, and twenty-four Mexicans with two Americans in the House. The House, under the eye of a Roman priest, defeated a non-sectarian school bill, and passed an act incorporating the Jesuits and exempting their property from taxation. The improbability of an increase of the population was shown by Mr. Morrill, of Maine, from the fact that hardly one acre in a hundred of the land of the Territory is arable, and such a limitation does not justify the expectation of an agricultural population or of any rapid increase of people.

The proposition of the admission of New Mexico as a State is, that such a population, in such a condition of civilization, of industries, and intelligence, and with such forbidding prospects of speedy improvement or increase—a community almost without the characteristic and indispensable qualities of an American State—shall have a representation in the national Senate as large as New York, and in the House shall be equal to Delaware. It is virtually an ignorant foreign community under the influence of the Roman Church, and neither for the advantage of the Union nor for its own benefit can such an addition to the family of American States be urged. There are objections to a Territorial government, but in this case the Territorial supervision supplies encouragement to the spirit of intelligent progress by making the national authority finally supreme, while, as a State, the sparse and scattered and foreign population would be used by the dominant ecclesiastical power for its own purposes. The State would grow up very slowly and under influences which would regard the Church and its infallible foreign head as superior to the State. The patriotism of such a community, its supreme devotion to its native land and the Union and their welfare, would necessarily be subordinated to other preferences. The inevitable result could not be advantageous to the State itself nor desirable for the Union.

The only arguments that were offered for admission were that under a Territorial government a community is in a state of pupilage, and does not advance as when it is a State, and secondly, that New Mexico has as fair a claim for admission as Colorado. The obvious reply to such remarks is that the comparative advantages of the two forms of government can be ascertained only by a careful consideration of the actual facts of the situation. It can not be said abstractly and absolutely that under our system a State government is necessarily better for a community than the Territorial, for this is one of the cases in which the allegation is not true. The same kind of consideration applies to the second remark. The admission of one community as a State can not fairly be made an argument for the admission of another, first, because the circumstances may be very different, and second, because if the proposition be allowed, a blunder might become an imperative precedent. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, had asked the number of the Anglo-Saxon population of the Territory, and whether there was sufficient wealth to support the government. Such questions were very proper, but Senator Harvey, of Kansas, seemed to think that they covertly assailed the fundamental American principle of the capacity of the people of all races for self-government, and implied that rich people only have that capacity. Mr. Morrill did not appear to think that such arguments were very cogent or important, and left them unnoticed. The question was finally taken, and the Senate decided to admit New Mexico as a State. We sincerely regret this action, for the welfare of the country requires great hesitation and the most careful deliberation upon every proposition to admit a new State, and in this instance the question of Territory or State is the question of progress against retrogression, of knowledge against ignorance, of liberty against slavery.

IMPEACHMENT.

As Mr. Clymer, the chairman of the committee which discovered the bribery of Mr. Belknap, suffered the chief and indispensable witness to escape, it is not certain that the Secretary will be tried. Should Marsh return, however, under an assurance of immunity, the Secretary will probably be arraigned both before the Senate and the Criminal Court. It is not, however, clear that the Senate would proceed with the trial. The question has been raised that, as impeachment affects only the President, Vice-President, and "all civil officers," Mr. Belknap, who was not a civil officer when he was impeached, is not liable. To this it is answered that it is absurd to suppose that such an officer can escape the punishment of his misdeeds by a mere resignation. But this is met again by the consideration that if those misdeeds are criminal, the Constitution provides that he may be criminally prosecuted, and that if they are not criminal, but political only, his resignation has effected all that impeachment could effect. The reply to this is that the heaviest penalty of the judgment upon impeachment is perpetual disqualification from office, and that if an officer can escape impeachment by resigning, he can, by his own act, avoid the serious penalty. The rejoinder is that although he may resign, both parts of the penalty will be in fact inflicted. For while his resignation will have removed him from office, which, if his offense be political merely, is enough, the criminal prosecution, if the offense be more than political, will result in an imprisonment and disgrace which will operate as a perpetual disqualification for office.

Of course there is a point of constitutional casuistry under the whole discussion, and there are also precedents by which action may be guided. The English precedents, however, are of less importance, because the power of Parliament to impeach and punish political offenses was practically unlimited. Warren Hastings was impeached after he had resigned his office. But not only was there no restriction upon the power of Parliament, but other methods of reaching him for punishment were uncertain. In this country, the case of Judge Barnard, of New York, is more to the point, for he was impeached for offenses committed during a previous term. But he still held the same office. Had he been a private citizen, the argument that no private citizen can be impeached, and that the courts provide for the punishment of all criminal offenses, would have been more cogent.

It is claimed, as we said, that if an officer who has resigned can not be subjected to the penalty of impeachment, a guilty man can by his own act save himself from the chief part of the penalty—the disqualification. But it is evident, as Mr. Brooks Adams points out in a letter to the *Tribune*, that the penalty as mentioned in the Constitution is a single penalty. It is not two, nor is it divisible. "Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend farther than to removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." There is no discretion to inflict one part of this penalty *or* the other. The conjunctive *and* makes the penalty inseparable. A part can not be constitutionally imposed. If the accused person is guilty, he must be removed from office and disqualified. But if he is not in a position to be removed, he can not be disqualified. Mr. Adams illustrates his view by the case of two statutes, one of which provides punishment by fine *and* imprisonment, and the other by fine *or* imprisonment. In the former case both must be imposed; in the latter there is a discretion. But in the former case, if a man can not be sentenced to the imprisonment, neither can he to the fine. So if Mr. Belknap can not be removed from office, the constitutional penalty can not be imposed. Should he be convicted under the impeachment, as Mr. Adams remarks, he could not be sentenced, because the whole sentence must be pronounced, or none.

If this view be correct, it follows that an officer may escape impeachment and its consequences by resignation. But if Mr. Belknap had not resigned, would the President have been justified in not removing him immediately? If it was a serious offense not to dismiss General Babcock after his acquittal, what would it have been to retain Mr. Belknap after his confession? Moreover, the President can not prevent a resignation, nor insist that office shall be retained. The suggestion that the Constitution intended impeachment and its penalties for political offenses alone, reserving criminal jurisdiction to the courts, is opposed by the constitutional provision of impeachment not only for treason and bribery, but "for other high crimes and misdemeanors." For such crimes the penalty is twofold: first, the statutory punishment, in this case of fine and imprisonment; and second, of perpetual disqualification from office.

In the pending case of impeachment the points will be fully argued by and before the Senate, and a valuable precedent will be established.

THE GOVERNOR'S PRISON VETO.

Governor Tilden has vetoed the bill providing for the employment of convict and pauper labor. The object of the bill was most laudable, but it had serious defects. No department of social science has received more intelligent attention in these days than that of prison discipline, and the benefit to the prisoner of constant useful employment is established. The wretched system of contracts for such labor which exists in this State we have already shown to be full of mischief both for the prisoners and the community. The increase of pauperism and its growing hereditary character are among the perplexing problems to which good men and women devote themselves. But the necessity of labor both for paupers and convicts is indisputable. It was, however, a defect of the bill that it recognized the contract system.

Now the government, or the people, composed in large part of the skilled artisans and working-men of whom Governor Tilden speaks, can control the whole matter of competition. That the prison labor should be let to contractors who may come and go in the prison shops with workmen who are not convicts, from outside the walls, and with the right to employ lately discharged prisoners at their pleasure, is intolerable and absurd. It combines all the mischief—underselling the market and destroying the benefit of the prisoners' punishment. But this abuse is no argument against an intelligent and reasonable use. The State controls the prisons, and, unless it is very unwise, it will not make their self-support the sole object of their administration. The first purpose of prisons is the reform of the convicts. "The object of prison discipline," says Miss Mary Carpenter, "is to transform offenders into honest, self-supporting men and women, and eventually to minimize crime in society."

The whole prison question will now, we hope, be thoroughly discussed, and some efficient measures adopted for a permanent, non-partisan superintendence. No system could be more unsatisfactory than the present one. Inspectors are nominated in a party Convention without any personal knowledge whatever of the candidates except upon the part of a very few delegates, and without any responsibility except that of the Convention. These party incumbents appoint the subordinates, and in turn take charge for a short time of each of the prisons. The consequences to order and discipline and system and efficiency and improvement of the prisoners may be inferred. The concurrent resolution which is pending in the Legislature as we write is but a step forward. It contemplates the appointment by the Governor and Senate of a single superintendent of the prisons, who is to name the wardens. This provides some kind of responsibility, but it does not prevent the radical evil of purely partisan change. The single head may be lopped off by each successive Governor, and with it would fall the subordinate organization. The prisons must, for every reason, be taken out of politics so far as possible. The whole subject will doubtless be fully considered by the commission recently appointed. And we hope to have from it as full and judicious a report as is expected upon another subject from the commission upon the government of cities. It is to be hoped, also, that both reports will state not what the commissions guess may be immediately practicable, but what they think ought to be the true system.

PERSONAL.

After appointing Mr. J. Carson Brevoort superintendent of the Astor Library, the trustees revised the subordinate offices of the library, making Mr. Frederick Saunders first librarian, Mr. A. W. Tyler second, and Messrs. Leonard and Bierstadt first and second assistants. Mr. Saunders is an author whose works are especially admired by scholars and gentlemen. Washington Irving, alluding to his *Salad for the Solitary*, published in 1854, said, "A salad peculiarly to my taste, and which I have relished with somewhat the curious palate of a literary epicure." Mr. Saunders is the author also of *Salad for the Social; Pearls of Thought, Religious and Philosophical; Mosaics; Festival of Song—a Series of Evenings with the Poets; About Women, Love, and Marriage;* and several other readable volumes. He has also been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and reviews, and by education, taste, and habit is the very model of what the highest order of librarian ought to be.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, speaks of the new Secretary of War, Judge Taft, as a first-class man every way—intellectual, upright, clean-cut, and reformatory; a representative man of the Liberal and Reform Republicans of Cincinnati and the region round about. He is the man the Cincinnati *Commercial* wanted the Republicans to nominate for Governor in place of Governor Hayes.

—About a fortnight before Lord Palmerston died an incident occurred which was very characteristic of the man. There were some high railings immediately opposite the front-door, and Lord Palmerston, coming out of the house without his hat, went straight up to them, after casting a look all round to see that no one was looking. He then climbed deliberately over the top rail down to the ground on the other side, turned round, climbed back again, and then went in-doors. It was clear that he had come out to test his strength and to find out for himself in a practical way how far he was gaining or losing ground. Not that he had any excessive dread of death, for, as he put it one day in homely fashion to his doctor, when pressing for a frank opinion as to his state, "When a man's time is up, there is no use in repining." The most touching and characteristic feature of his bearing at this time was his solicitude to avoid adding to Lady Palmerston's anxiety, and the cheerfulness which he assumed in her presence. Indeed, consideration for others was, as in life so in death, one of his finest qualities.

—Alluding to Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, and his gallantry in picking up a poor woman's bundle, a bad Western editor says, "The intimation is that most Governors of Massachusetts would have knocked the old woman down and run away with the package."

—The valuable library of the late Samuel Gardner Drake, of Boston, is to be offered at public sale in that city the first week of next May. The collection embraces about fifteen thousand volumes and thirty thousand pamphlets, and in the department of American history, general or local, it is believed to be unmatched. Besides more than five hundred bound volumes, there are eight thousand tracts under the heads of Local History and Genealogy, and about two thousand under that of Biography. In American poetry five hundred bound volumes and many tracts embrace the scarce editions of Mather Byles, Freneau, R. T. Paine, Barlow, Trumbull, Humphreys, Theodore Dwight, etc. Numerous autographs add special interest to the volumes. The library is also singularly rich in rare editions of English books. There are titles in nearly every civilized tongue, and the library, which has remained intact since the owner's decease, is said to be the most perfect and compact collection ever offered for sale in this country. Its dissolution would excite the regret of men of literary tastes; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Drake's wish that it should become the property of some institution of learning—an object he kept in view from the first—may be fulfilled.

—Mr. William O. Gorman, who received the first order issued by the State of Michigan for work performed, is still living in that State, at the age of one hundred and five years. He is a constant reader, takes great interest in the news of the day, and retains all his faculties. Until very recently he has been able to do considerable work about his farm.

—The extraordinary value attached to M. Meissonnier's pictures is well illustrated by the following extract from *L'Art:* "It is known that M. De la Hante is the proprietor of the picture by Meissonnier called 'Eighteen Hundred and Fourteen,' which he bought for 85,000 francs. A dealer in pictures lately offered M. De la Hante a considerable sum for it, something like 200,000 francs, but the spirited proprietor replied that he would not take less than 250,000 francs, and stipulated that a sum of 50,000 francs should be offered to M. Meissonnier: 300,000 francs, therefore, is the real price placed upon the work."

—When Mr. Bristow went to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, he looked about for a house, and after finding one that he liked, asked what the rent was. "Seven thousand dollars," answered the agent. Mr. Bristow thought for a moment, and then said, "I was wondering what I could possibly do with that other thousand," the salary of the Secretary of the Treasury being only $8000. The house was not taken.

—Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, the Benedick of sixty-five who has won a Beatrice of nineteen, is a gentleman who is immediately looked out for by visitors in the Senate gallery. He is described as spare of figure, neat as a pin; wears a black velvet vest, a high, sharp-pointed collar, and a semi-military stock; and walks much in the open space behind the Senatorial desks. He looks like a school-master and a martinet, who would, for a very trifling figure, contract to keep the Senate in a state of the most frigid order.

—The Duke of Northumberland is one of the largest land-holders in England. Out of the 579,924 acres which compose the great northern shire he owns 181,616 acres; yet this noble Percy is lineally a Smithson, of one race with the founder of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington; and the original Smithson was an apothecary.

—Mr. William Floyd, of Westernville, New York, a son of General Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, has in his possession the pen with which that document was signed. It was made from the quill of a Scotch goose, and is twice the size of those which grow in this country.

—The Rev. Dr. Payne, of Cincinnati, is certainly a wag. In illustrating the probable end of the third-term project, he told a story of an old darky in Iowa who was on trial for some crime. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa *versus* Samson Cæsar," the aged African exclaimed, "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders."

—Mr. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "Our own Walt Whitman is a poet who has carried neglect of form to its logical conclusions, and has arrived at a sort of literary resemblance to all out-doors, and is as much a poet as a summer morning is, or an alarm of fire, or some unpleasant smell which he would personally prefer to prayer."

—Professor R. A. Proctor delivered three astronomical lectures recently in Minneapolis, Minnesota, before an audience of 1700 people—more than could find seats in the largest hall, and most of them paid at the door. That, in a frontier town which twenty-five years ago was an Indian reservation, tells the story of the thirst for knowledge which rages in the Western breast.

—The Rothschilds made a very good thing in negotiating for the British government the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. They advanced $20,000,000 to pay for the shares, for which they receive a commission of two and a half per cent. ($500,000), and are to have five per cent. interest on the $20,000,000 until the government repays it. The interest for three months will be about $250,000, so that for the advance and interest they will gain $750,000. Add to this certain incidental profits made by the purchase of Egyptian securities when they were at their lowest, and it is believed that on the whole transaction they will clear a round million of dollars.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The bill amending the present law relating to the counting of the electoral vote was debated by the Senate on the 13th and 16th March, but without result. The House, on the 13th, by a vote of 150 to 42, adopted the following State-rights resolutions offered by Mr. Cox:

"*Resolved*, That the people of the United States constitute a nation, in the sense, to the extent, and for the purposes defined in the Federal Constitution.

"*Resolved*, That the government of the United States is a Federal Union, and was formed by the people of the several States in their sovereign capacity; that the rights and powers of the United States government are defined and limited by the Federal Constitution, and these rights and powers can not be enlarged or diminished except by an amendment to the Constitution.

"*Resolved*, That the rights of States have the same sanction of security in the Constitution as the rights and powers of the Federal government, and that local domestic government by the several States, within the limits of the Constitution, is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the liberties of the citizen and the continuance of our republican system of government.

"*Resolved*, That the doctrine that any State has the right to secede from the Union is in conflict with the idea of a perpetual Union, as contemplated by the Constitution, and should be regarded as being forever extinguished by the result of the recent civil conflict."

The Senate, on the 16th, adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Boutwell, inquiring of the Secretary of the Treasury the annual product of gold and silver in the United States from 1845 to 1875 inclusive; also the amount of gold and silver in other parts of the world for the same years, and an estimate of the gold and silver in the United States at the present time.

The New Hampshire State election, held on the 14th of March, resulted in a rousing Republican victory. Cheney goes in as Governor by a plurality of 3693 over Marcy, and 3273 majority over all, the total vote being, Cheney, 41,668; Marcy, 37,975; Kendall and scattering, 420. The same towns last year gave Cheney, 39,293; Roberts, 39,121; scattering, 792. The Republicans also elected nine out of twelve Senators.

The Democratic Republican State Central Committee has decided that the State Convention shall be held at Utica on the 26th of April.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British House of Commons, on the 16th March, spent seven hours in debating the Royal Titles Bill. The Marquis of Hartington moved an amendment that while willing to consider a measure enabling the Queen to make an addition to her titles, the House considered it inexpedient to impair the dignity of the crown by the assumption of the title of Empress. The amendment was rejected, and a motion to go into committee on the bill was adopted by a vote of 305 to 200.

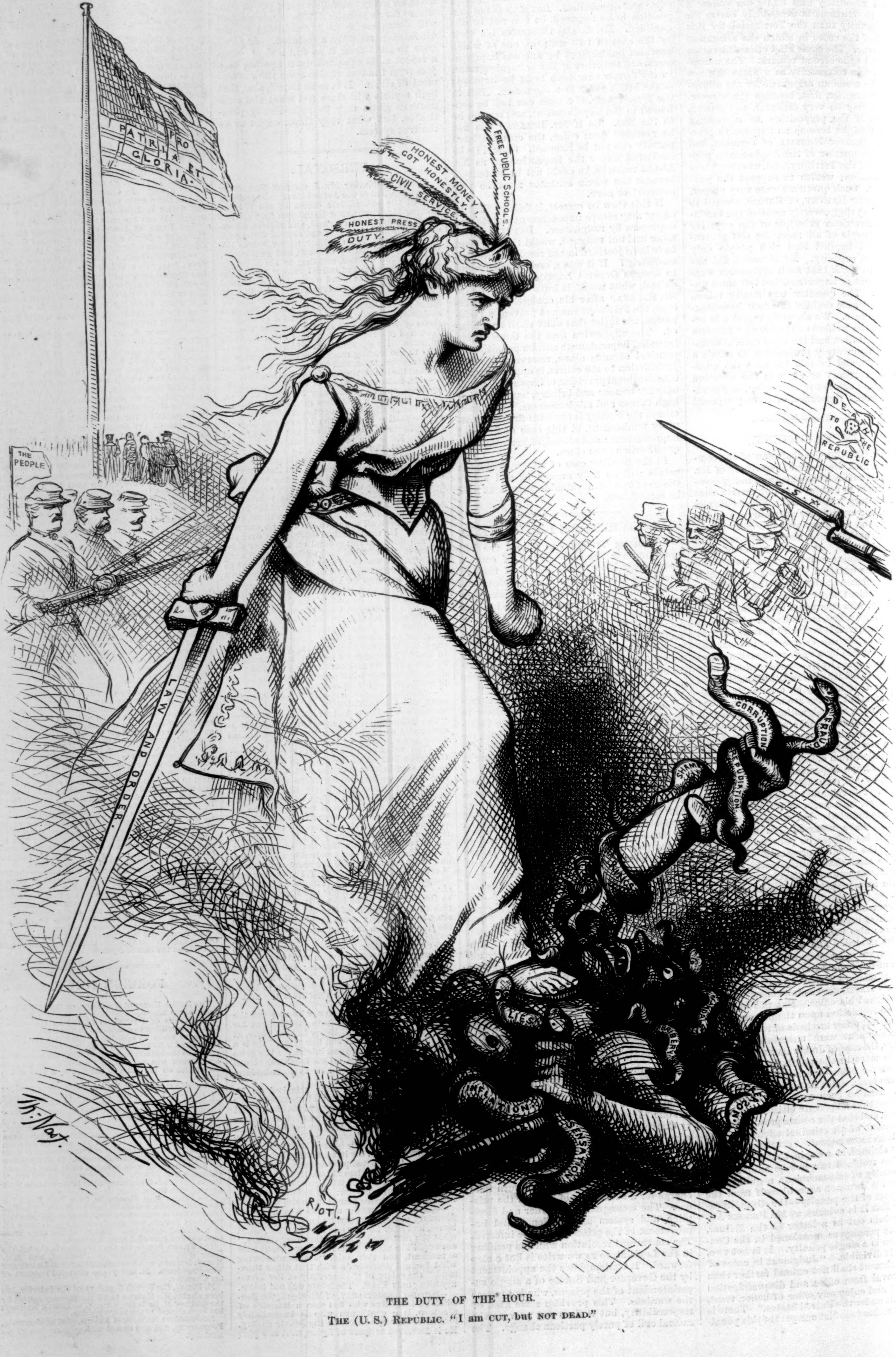
A terrific storm of wind and rain swept over portions of England, France, and Belgium recently, causing great suffering and loss of property. In London roofs, sky-lights, and chimneys were blown about; a steamer was wrecked near Staithes, on the Thames, and the military school at Chatham was partially destroyed. The rivers Cherwell, Tone, and others overflowed the country for miles about. All the streams between Paris and the eastern frontier of France are out of their banks, and the country is submerged. In all the towns of Belgium parks were ravaged, roofs torn off, and chimneys overthrown. The lower part of the city of Berlin was flooded, and many acres in the suburbs were covered with water.

The British ship *Eumenides*, from Port Royal for Greenock, capsized at sea on the 12th March. The captain and twelve others were lost. Another British ship, the *Great Britain*, was abandoned at sea, January 22, in a sinking condition. Eleven of the crew were drowned and four died from exposure.

The French Senate, on the 13th March, elected the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier as President, and MM. Martel, Duclerc, and Kerdrel, and General Ladmirault Vice-Presidents. M. Grévy was elected President of the Chamber.

M. Ricard, the French Secretary of the Interior, has been elected life Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of M. De la Rochette. The Duke d'Harcourt has been elected to the secretaryship.

Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, died at Monrovia, February 24, and was buried with military honors the next day.


UNION PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.
THE PEOPLE
HONEST PRESS
DUTY.
HONEST MONEY, GOT HONESTLY.
CIVIL SERVICE.
FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
LAW AND ORDER.
DEATH TO THE REPUBLIC
C.S.A.
CORRUPTION
FRAUD
SHAM
REPUDIATION
RINGS
LIES
SCANDAL
BRIBERY
INFLATION.
SENSATION
TREASON
RIOT
Th: Nast.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE (U. S.) REPUBLIC. "I am CUT, but NOT DEAD."

A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY.

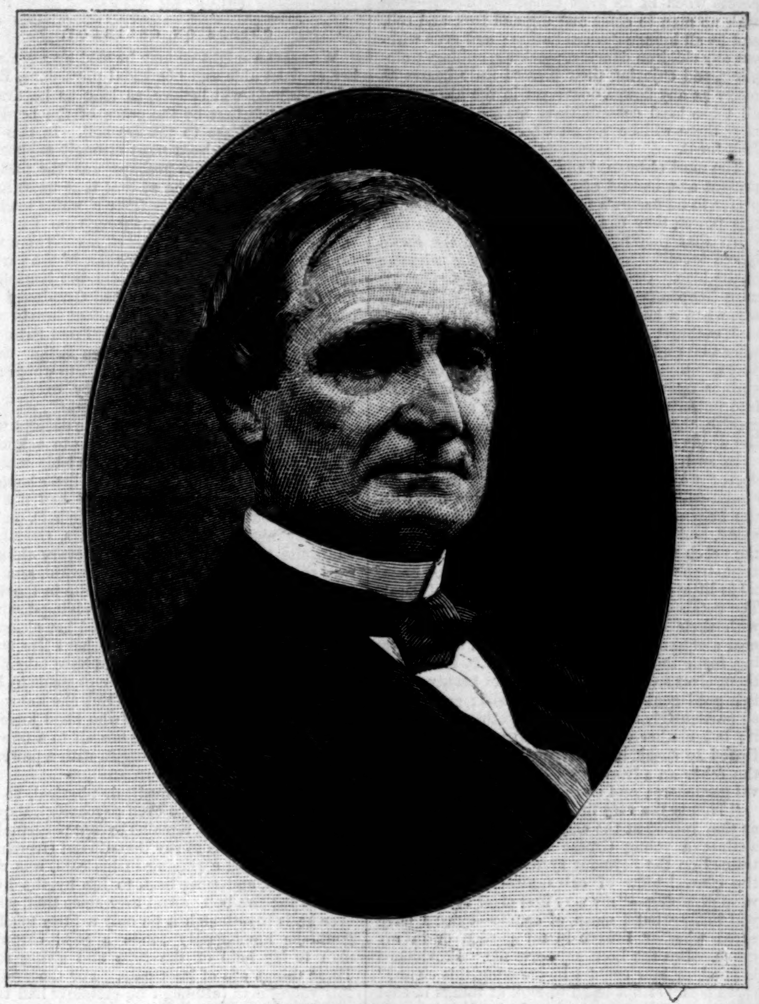
The most important branch of industry in North Carolina is the distillation of turpentine from the sap of the long-leaved pine. Between the swampy lands along the coast and the hilly regions of the interior a belt of sandy barren soil crosses the State, varying in width from thirty to eighty miles, covered with this species of pine; and in this great range of forest the turpentine distilleries are situated. The trees are from eight to eighteen inches in diameter, with straight trunks shooting up, without a branch, to an average height of thirty feet, where their evergreen foliage forms a canopy so dense as to make a perpetual twilight beneath. Although these "piny woods" have been settled by whites almost as long as any other portion of the country, they are still traversed by miserable roads, and the rivers and streams are crossed at fords or in primitive ferry scows. There is hardly a bridge in the whole region.

Turpentine is obtained by making incisions in the pine-trees, through which the semi-solid liquid slowly exudes into receptacles, from which it is collected and taken to the distilleries. According to the census of 1870, there were then in North Carolina 147 of these establishments, and the products of that year were valued at $2,338,309. This industry is capable of immense development, and nothing is needed for this purpose but the introduction of Northern capital, machinery, and business energy. These would soon transform the whole face of the country, fill it with new life, and put it fairly on the way to enduring prosperity.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The new Secretary of War, Judge Alphonso Taft, of Cincinnati, is of New England Puritan stock. He was born November 5, 1810, in Townsend, Vermont, a picturesque village on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. His father was a man of much native force, who filled several terms in the State Legislature. He was a well-informed, but an uneducated man, and his son Alphonso inherited his father's mental keenness, with an added desire for the advanced branches of learning. He is accordingly found, when only sixteen years old, teaching a district school at such times as his labors could be spared from the farm, in order that he might accumulate the means with which to give himself a collegiate education. When nineteen he entered the Freshman Class in Yale College, passed through the full course of four years, and graduated with honor. After graduation he taught a high school at Ellington, Connecticut, two years, and subsequently for two years filled the position of tutor in Yale College, his *alma mater*. In addition to his duties as tutor, Mr. Taft studied in the Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1838, being then twenty-eight years old.

In 1839 Mr. Taft removed to Cincinnati, where he has since continued to reside. His record is that of a careful, hard-working lawyer, and in the practice of his profession he has been engaged in some of the best-known cases, involving disputed points of law, which have in the last twenty years been brought before the Ohio and United States Supreme Courts. He has been twice elected to the bench—once without opposition—and was once appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy. Judge Taft entered upon the duties of his office as Secretary of War on the 11th of March.



THE HON. ALPHONSO TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR.
[Photographed by J. Landy, 208 Fourth Street, Cincinnati.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.

"In all my life I never knew such a very extraordinary thing," said Squire Oglander on the following Tuesday, to his old friend Dr. Splinters. "Why, look you here, he was wholly given up by the very first man in London—that the poor young fellow was—can you deny that, Splinters?"

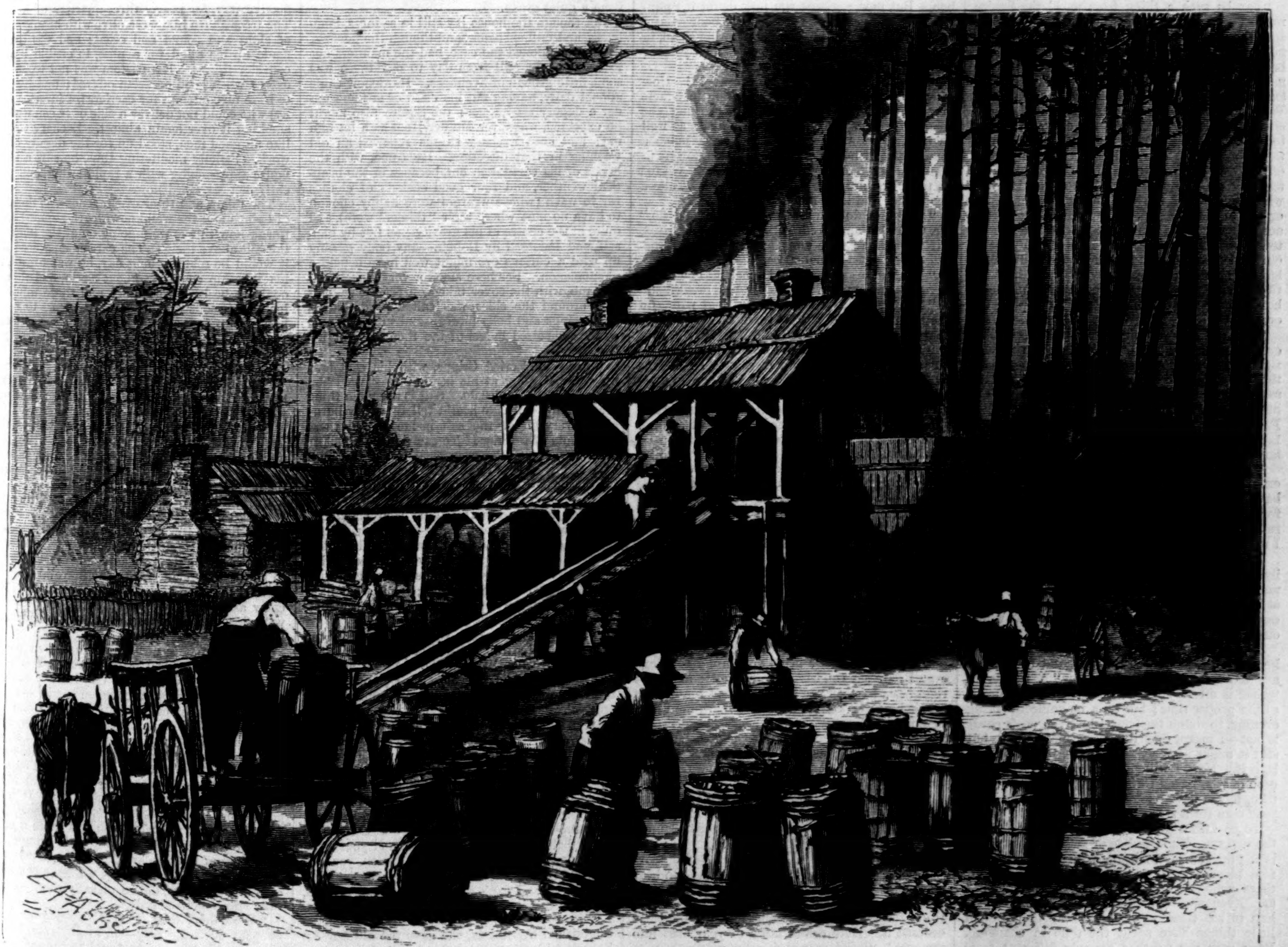
"Well, between you and me and the door-post, Squire," answered his learned visitor, "I am not quite so sure that Sir Anthony is quite the rose and crown of the profession. He may be a great court card and all that, and the rage with all the nobility; but for all that, Squire, there are good men in comparatively obscure positions; men who have devoted their lives to science from the purest motives; modest men, Sir, who are thankful to pocket their poor guinea; men who would scorn any handle to their name or any shabby interloping; Sir, I say there are d——d good men—"

"But even you, Splinters, come now—even you gave him up—unless we are wholly misinformed."

"Not at all. That was quite a mistake. The fact was simply this. When Sir Anthony pronounced his opinion at our last consultation, it was not my place to contradict him—we never do that with a London man—but I ventured in my own mind to differ even from our brilliant light, Sir. For I said to myself, 'first see the effect of the remedial agent which I myself, in the absence of this Londoner, have exhibited.' I was suddenly called away to retrieve a case of shocking blundering by a quack at Iffley. That was why you did not see me, Squire."

"Oh yes, to be sure! I quite see now," answered Mr. Oglander, with a quiet internal wink. "And when you came, you found the most wonderful effect from your remedial agent."

"That I did. Something I could scarcely have believed. Soft sweet sleep, a genial perspiration, an equable pulse, nice gentle breathing—the very conditions of hygiene which Sir Anthony's efforts could never produce. Why, my good Sir, in all the records of the therapeutic art, there is no example of such rapid efficacy. I think it will henceforth be acknowledged that Dr. Splinters knows what he is about. My dear friend, you know that there is nothing I dislike so much as



A NORTH CAROLINA TURPENTINE DISTILLERY.

the appearance of vaunting. If I had only condescended to that, nobody could have stopped me, Sir. But no, Squire, no; I have always been the same; and I have not an enemy, except myself."

"You may say more than that, Sir—a great deal more than that. You may say that you have many friends, doctor, who admire your great abilities. But as to Russel Overshute, if the poor fellow does come round, the general belief will be that he must thank the fire bell."

"The fire bell! My dear Sir, in this age of advanced therapeutics—Oglander, you must know better than to listen to that low story!"

"Splinters, I know that foolish tales are told about almost every thing. But being there myself, I thought there might be something in it."

"Nothing whatever. I never heard such nonsense. I was quite angry with Esther Cripps. What can chits of girls know? They must have their chatter."

"I suppose they must," said the Squire, sadly, thinking of his own dear Grace; "still, they may be right sometimes. At any rate, doctor, the fire bell did as much good as your medicine did. Take another glass of wine. I would not hurt your feelings for the world, my dear old friend."

"Oglander," answered Dr. Splinters, putting up his great gold spectacles, so that beneath them he might see—for he never could see through them—how to pour out his fine glass of port—"Oglander, you have something or other that you are keeping in the background. Squire, whatever it is, out with it. Between you and me, Sir, there should be nothing but downright yes or no, Mr. Oglander. Downright yes or no, Sir."

"Of course, of course," said the Squire, relapsing into some quiet mood again; "that was how I always liked it. Splinters, you must know I did. And I never meant any thing against it, by bringing this here little bottle back. It may have saved the poor boy's life; and of course it did, if you say so. But the seal is still on the cork, and the stuff all there; so it may do good again. I dare say the good came through the glass; you doctors have such devices." Mr. Oglander took a small square bottle from his inner peculiar pocket, and gave it to the doctor, so as not to disturb his wine-glass.

"How the deuce did you get hold of this?" cried Splinters, being an angry man when taken without notice; "this is some of that girl's insolent tricks—I call her an insolent and wicked girl!"

"I call her a good and a brave girl; the very best girl in Beckley, since— But, my dear Splinters, you must not be vexed. She told me that you had the greatest faith in this last idea of yours; and it struck me at once that you might wish to try it in some other case; and so I brought it. You see, it has not been opened."

"It doesn't matter whether it was used or not," cried Dr. Splinters, vehemently; "there is the stuff, Sir; and here is the result! Am I to understand, Sir, that you deny the existence of Providence?"

"Far be such a thing from me!" the Squire replied, with a little indignation at such an idea; and then remembering that Splinters was his guest, he changed the subject. "How could I help having faith in the Lord, when I see His care made manifest? Why, look at me, Splinters; I am twice the man I was last Sunday morning! Why is it so? Why, because it pleased a gracious Providence to make it my duty, as a man, to ride. To ride, Sir, a very considerable distance, on a mare who had been eating her head off. Every one vowed that I never could do it; and my good housekeeper locked me in; and when I unscrewed the lock, she sent two men after me to pick me up. Very good, Sir; here I am, enjoying my glass of port, with the full intention of having another. Yesterday I sent to our road contractor for a three-headed and double-handed hammer; and Kale smashed up, in about two minutes, three hundred and twenty medicine bottles. They will come in for the top of the orchard wall."

"Squire," answered Splinters, with a twinkling eye, "it is not at all improbable that you may be right. There are some constitutions so perverse that to exhibit the best remedial agent is just the same thing as to reason with a pig. But it is high time for me to be jogging on my road. If Beckley and Shotover discard my extremely humble services, there are other places in the world, Sir, besides Beckley and Shotover."

"There is no other place in the world for you, except Beckley, for some hours, my friend. We have known one another long enough to allow for one another now. I would have arranged a rubber for you—but, but—well, you know what I mean—sadly selfish; but I can not help it."

The doctor, though vain and irritable, was easily touched with softness. He thought of all his many children, and of the long pain he had felt at losing one out of a dozen; then, without process of thought, he felt for the loss of one, where one was all.

"Oglander, you need not say another word," he answered, putting forth his hand to squeeze any trifle away between them. "A rubber in winter is all very well; and so it is in summer, at the proper time; but on a magnificent spring evening, to watch the sunset between one's cards is not—I mean, that it is very nice indeed, but still it ought scarcely to be done, when you can help it. Now, I will just take the leastest little drop of your grand Curaçoa before I smoke; and then, if you have one of those old Manilas, I am your man for a stroll in the garden."

To go into a garden in good weather soothes the temper. The freedom of getting out of doors is a gracious joy to begin with; and when the first blush of that is past, without any trouble there come forward so many things to be looked at. Even since yesterday—if we had the good hap to see them yesterday—many thousand of little things have spent the time in changing. Even with the weather scarcely different from yesterday's—though differ it must in some small points when in its most consistent mood—even with no man to come and dig and fork and roll, and by all human devices harass; and even without any children dancing, plucking, pulling, trampling, and enjoying their blessed little hearts as freely as any flower does; yet in the absence of all those local contributions toward variety, variety there will be for all who have the time to look for it.

The most observant and delightful poets of the present age, instead of being masters of nature, prefer to be nature's masters. Having obtained this power, they use it with such diligence and spirit that they make the peach and the apple bloom together, and the plum keep the calendar of the lilac. Once in a way such a thing does almost happen (without the poet's aid)—that is to say, when a long cold winter is broken by a genial outburst waking every dormant life; and after that repressive chill returns, and lasts to the May month. At such a time, when hope deferred springs anew as hope assured, and fear breaks into fluttering joy, and faith moves steadily into growth, then a truly poetic confusion arises in the works of earth.

In such a state of things the Squire and the doctor walked to and fro in the garden; the Squire still looking very pale and feeble, but, with the help of his favorite spud, managing to get along, and to enjoy the evening. The blush of the peach wall was not over, and yet the trellised apple-tree was softly unsheathing puckered buds, all in little clusters pointed like rosettes of coral. The petals of the plum bloom still were hovering with their edges brown, although in a corner near a chimney positively a lilac bush was thrusting forth those livid jags which lift and curve themselves so swiftly into plumes of beauty. The two good gentlemen were surprised; each wanted particularly to hear what the other thought of it; but neither would deign to ask; and either feared to speak his thoughts, for fear of giving the other an advantage. Because they were rival gardeners; and so they avoided the subject.

"This is the very first cigar," said the Squire, as they turned at the end of the peach wall, over against a young Grosse Mignonne, beautifully trained on the Seymour system, and bright with the central glow of calyx, although the petals were dropping—"my very first cigar since that—you know what I mean, of course—since I have cared whether I were in my garden or in my grave. But the Lord supports me. Providence is good, or how could I be smoking this cigar?"

"You must not learn to look at things in that way," Dr. Splinters answered; "Oglander, you must learn to know better. You are in an uncomfortable frame of mind, or you would not have flouted me with that bottle, after all our friendship. Why, bless me! Only look around you. Badly pruned as your trees are, what a picture there is of largeness!"

"Yes, Splinters, more than you could find in yours, which you amputate into a doctor's bamboo. But now, perhaps you may doubt it, Splinters, because your trees are so very poor—but I have not felt any pride at all, any pride at all, in one of them. What is the good of lovely trees, with only one's self to enjoy them?"

"Now, Oglander, there you are again! How often must I tell you? Your poor little Gracie is gone, of course; and a nice little thing she was, to be sure. But here you are again as well as ever, or at any rate as positive. I judge a man's state of health very much by his powers of contradiction. And yours are first-rate. Go to! go to! You are equal to another wife. Take a young one, and have more Gracies."

"Splinters, do you know what I should do," Mr. Oglander answered, with his spud uplifted, "if my powers were such as you suppose—because I smashed your bottles?"

"Yes, I dare say you would knock me down, and never beg my pardon till the wedding breakfast."

"You are right in the first part, but wrong in the second. Oh, doctor, is there no one able to share the simplest thoughts we have?"

"To minister to a mind diseased? First, he must have his own mind diseased; as all the blessed poets have. But look! The green fly—who would ever believe it, after our Siberian winter? The aphis is hatched in your young peach shoots before they have made even half a joint. That comes of your Seymour system."

"Ridiculous!" answered the Squire; "but never mind. What matter now? Then you really do think, Splinters—now as an old friend try to tell me—in pure sincerity, do you think that I have altogether lost my Gracie?"

"Oglander, no. I can truly say no. We are all good Christians, I should hope. She is not lost, but gone before."

"But, my dear fellow, will you never understand that she ought to have gone long after? It is all very well for you, who have got some baker's dozen of little ones, and lost only one in the measles—forgive me, I know it was hard upon you—I say things that I should not say—but if you could only bring your mind— However, I dare say you have tried to do it; and what right have I to ask you? Splinters, I know I am puzzle-headed; and many people think me worse than that. But you have the sense to understand me, because for many years you have been acquainted with my constitution. Now, Splinters, tell me, in three words—shall I live to see my Gracie?"

"That you will, Squire; and to see her married; and to dance on your lap her children!" So said Dr. Splinters, fearing what might happen if he did not say it.

"Only to see her. That is all I want. And to have her in my arms once more. And to hear her tell me, with her own true tongue, that she never ran away from me. After that, I shall be ready for my coffin, and know that the Lord has ordered it. Here comes more of your dust into my eyes! Splinters, will you never learn how to knock your ash off?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CRIPPS ON CELIBACY.

Whatever might or may be said by any number of most able and homicidal physicians, Russel Overshute will believe, as long as he draws breath of life, that by the grace of the Lord he owes that privilege to the fire bell. In this belief he has always been most strongly supported by Esther Cripps, who perhaps was the first to suggest the idea; for he at that time must have failed to know a fire bell from a water bucket. The doctors had left him, through no fear for their own lives, but in despair of his. There was far less risk of infection now than in the earlier stages. No sooner, however, did the household find out that the medical men had abandoned the case, than panic seized their gallant hearts, and with one accord they ran away. From Saturday morning till Saturday night, when Esther came from Beckley, there was nobody left to watch and soothe the poor despairing misery except the helpless and worn-out mother.

One thing is certain (and even the doctors with their usual sharpness found it wise to acknowledge this)—both Mr. Overshute and his mother must have been dead bodies, with little hope of Christian burial, if that brave girl had not set forth (without any one even asking her), on the Saturday night, to help them. Mrs. Overshute had quite thrown up all hope of every thing—save the mercy of God in a better world, and His justice upon her enemies—when quite in the dark this young girl came, while she was lying down on her back, and courtesied, and asked her pleasure.

If Esther had not courtesied, perhaps Mrs. Overshute in that state of mind would have taken her for an angel; though Etty's bonnet, made by herself, was not at all angelical. But she knew her for one of the lower orders (who bend knee instead of neck), and belonging herself to a fine old race, she rallied her last energies with a power of condescension.

However, these are medical, physical, social, economical, and perhaps even psychological questions—wherein what remains except perpetual inquiry? Enough is to say that Russel Overshute, having long had a ringing in his ears, was rung out of that, and rung back to life by the lively peal of the fire bell. And ever since that, whenever he is ill—though it be only a little touch of gout—he immediately sends a good corpulent man to lay hold of the rope and swing to it. These things are of later date. For the present, this young man (although he certainly had turned the corner) lay still in a very precarious state, with a feeble mother to pray for him. Mrs. Overshute held that same vile fever, but in a very different form, as at her time of life was natural. With her it was intermittent, low, stealthy, and undermining. It never affected her brain, or drove her into furious calenture, but rooted slowly inward, preying on her life quite leisurely. Their cases differed, as a knock-down blow differs from a quiet grasp.

But though the house lay still in sadness, loneliness, and dull suspense, and though the doctors, having abandoned the case, had the manners not to come again, still from day to day there was some little growth of liveliness. Hardenow came almost daily, having put his class of striders under a deputy six-leaguer; the Squire also might be expected, whenever Mother Hookham let him out; and even Zachary Cripps renewed an old washing in that direction. He came, with the hoops of his cart taken out, because of the beautiful weather, and four good baskets of clothes for to wash (whose wearers were happy enough to have no idea where their "things" were), and quite at the centre of his gravity—as felt by himself, and indorsed by Dobbin—any body getting up with a curious eye might well have beheld a phenomenon. For here stood a very large pickling tub, with the cover taken off for the sake of air; around the sides was salted pork—hands and springs and belly pieces—and in the middle was a good-sized barrel of the then existent native.

"Veed 'un," cried Cripps, with his coat tails up, while tugging at his heavy tub—"veed 'un, Etty, whatsomever 'ee do. Salt is the main thing for 'un now. I have heer'd tell that they burns away every bit of the salt inside 'em, in these here bouts of fever. If 'ee can replace 'un, laife comes round; or else they goes off, like the snuff of a can'le. Bless me, I must be getting fevery myzell, or never should have a job to lift this here! Now the quality of this pickle you know well, for the most part fell on your shoulders. Home-bred, home-born, home-fed, home-slaughtered, and home-salted—that's what I calls pork!"

"Yes, to be sure, Zac," Etty answered, laying her hand to the tub upon the shaft stock, while Dobbin wagged his tail at her; "but what have you got in this very small cask, sitting in the middle of all the brine?"

"Why, you know, Etty, you must have seed me bring 'em for all the great folk about Christmas tide. Oysters, as lives in the sea, and must be salt inside of their barryels. So I clapped them in here for a fresh smack of it, and uncommonly strengthening things they be if you take them with enow of treble X. Likely his Worship will be too weak to keep them down with the covers on yet, as is the proper way, they tell me; so you best way take out the hearts and give him."

"Oh, brother," cried Esther, remembering suddenly, "I ought not to be talking to you like this! Whatever could I be thinking of? What would the people at Beckley say? They would fear to come nigh you for a month, Zac, and your business would be ruined. Now do jog on, you and dear old Dobbin. How well I knew the sound of his old feet! I can't give you the fever, Dobbin, can I?"

With this perhaps incorrect or, at any rate, unestablished hypothesis, she gave the old horse a lingering kiss just below his blinkers, in return for which he jerked off some froth on the sleeve of her dress, and shook himself; while the carrier, having discharged his cargo, smote himself with both arms, from habit rather than necessity, and approached his young sister for his usual hearty smack.

"No, Zac, no!" she cried, running up the steps. "I have no fear of taking it myself whatever; but if I should happen to give it to you, I never should get over it."

"Well, well, little 'un, the Lord knows best," Master Cripps answered, without repining too bitterly at this arrangement; "but ating of my victuals lonesome is worse than having no salt to them. You better come home pretty soon, my dear, or somehow or other there might happen to be some one over in the corner, 'longside of our best frying-pan."

Etty had heard this threat so often, that now she only laughed at it. But instead of laughing, she blushed most sadly at her brother's parting words.

"God bless you, Etty, for a brave good girl; and speed you home to Beckley! You want more sleep of nights, my dear; your cheeks are getting like a pillow-case. But excoose my mentioning of one thing, Etty; I be like a father to 'ee; don't 'ee have more than you can help to say to the great scholard, Master Hardenow."

Cripps was a gentleman, in an inner kind of way, and he took good care to be getting up his shaft (with his stiff knee stiffer than ever, from the long frost of last winter) while he discharged his duty, as he thought it, at, as well as to, his sister. Then he deposited the polished part of his breeches on the driving board, and brought his "game-leg" into the right stick-out, and with his usual deliberation started—nay, that is too strong a word—persuaded into progress his congenial and deliberate horse. Neither of them hurried on a washing day any more than they hurried upon any other day.

Zachary knew that his sister was—as Master Phil Hiss had said of her—"a most terrible hand at blushing;" and she could not bear to be looked at in this electric aurora of maidenhood; and therefore he managed to be a long way off ere even he turned both head and hand to deliver last issue of "God bless you!"

Full of confusion about herself, and clearness of duty for other people, Esther Cripps ran in to see to the many things now depending upon her. There were now three servants in the house, gathered from good stuff around, but wholly void of any wit, to make up for want of experience. Esther had no experience either, but she possessed good store of sense, and quickness, and kind energy. Whatever she thought of her brother's warning she would think of afterward. For the present she must do her best concerning other people; and Mrs. Overshute needed now more nursing than her son did.

Zachary Cripps, at the very first distance at which he was sure of not being seen, began to shake his head, and shook it, in a resolutely reflective way, for nearly three-quarters of a mile. The trees above him were alive with beauty, alike of sight and sound and scent; and the carrier made up his mind for a pipe, to enable him to consider things. His custom was not to smoke, except when good occasion offered; and he tried to have no contempt for carriers (of inferior family) who could not deliver a side of bacon without smoking it over again almost. Zachary Cripps, like all good men, stood up for the dignity of his work. Strictly meditating thus, he saw a slight figure approaching with a rapid swing, and presently met Mr. Hardenow.

The fellow and tutor of Brasenose, at the sight of Cripps and the well-known cart, stopped short to ask how things were going on at the house on the hill above them. The carrier answered that it would be many a long day, he was afraid, ere his Worship could get about again, and that he ought to be kept very quiet, and those would be his best friends now who had the least to say to him. Also he was told that the poor old lady would find it as much as her life was worth if she was interrupted or terrified now.

"But, my good Cripps," answered Hardenow, "I am not going either to interrupt or terrify them. All I desire is to have a little talk with your good and intelligent sister."

Poor Zachary felt that his own tactics thus were turned against him; and, after a little stammering and heightened glow of countenance, he betook himself to his more usual course—that of plain out-speaking. But first he got down from his driving board that he might not fail in due respect to a gentleman and clergyman. Master Cripps had no liking at all for the duty which he felt bound to take in hand. He would rather have a row with three turnpike-men than presume to speak to a gentleman; therefore his bow-leg seemed to twitch him at the knee as he led Hardenow aside into a quiet gateway; but his eyes were firm and his manner grave and steadfast as he began to speak.

"Mr. Hardenow, now I must ask your pardon for a few words as I want to say. You are a gentleman, of course, and a very learned scholar; and I be nothing but a common carrier—a 'carrier for hire' they calls me in the law, when they comes upon me for damages. Howsoever, I has to do my part off the road as well as on it, Sir; and my dooty to them of my own household comes next to my dooty to God and myzell. You are a good man, I know, and a kind one, and would not, beknown to yourself, harm any one. It would go to your heart, I believe, Mr. Hardenow, from what I seed of you when you was quite a lad, if anyhow you was to be art or part in bringing unhappiness of mind to any that had trusted you."

"I should hope so, Cripps. I have some idea of what you mean, but can hardly think—at any rate, speak more plainly."

"Well, then, Sir, I means all about your goings on with our little Etty—or, at any rate, her goings on with you, which cometh to the same thing in the end, so far as I be acquaint of it. You might think, if you was not told distinkly to the contrairy, that having no business to lift up her eyes, she never would do so according. But I do assure you, Sir, when it cometh to such like manner of taking on, the last thing as ever gets called into the account is sensible reason. They feels this, and they feels that; and then they falls to a-dreaming; and the world goes into their tub, same as butter, and they scoops it out, and pats, and stamps it to their own size and liking, and then the whole melteth, and a sour fool is left."

"Master Cripps, what you say is wise; and the like has often happened. But your sister is a most noble girl. You do her gross injustice by talking as if she were nothing but a common village maid. She is brave, she is pure, she is grandly unselfish. Her mind is well above feminine average; any thing more so goes always amiss. You should not have such a low opinion as you seem to have of your sister, Cripps."

"Sir, my opinion is high enough. Now, to bring your own fine words to the test, would you ever dream of marrying the maid, if I and she both was agreeable?"

"It would be an honor for me to do so. For the prejudices of the world I care not one fig. But surely you know that we contend for the celibacy of the clergy."

"Maning as a parson maun't marry a wife?" asked Cripps, by the light of nature.

"Yes, my friend, that is what we now maintain in the Anglican communion, as the tradition of the Church."

"Well, may I be danged!" cried Cripps, who was an ardent theologian. "Then, if I may make so bold to ask, Sir, how could there a' been a tribe of Levi? They must all a' died out in the first generation; if 'em ever come to any generation at all."

"Your objection is ingenious, Cripps; but the analogy fails entirely. We are guided in such matters by unbroken and unquestionable tradition of the early Church."

"Then, Sir, if you goes outside of the Bible, you stand on your own legs, and leave us no kind of leg to stand upon. However, I believe that you mean well, Sir, and I am sure that you never do no great harm. And, as to our Etty, if you feel like that in an honest, helpless sort of way, I beg the honor of shaking hands, Sir, for the spirit that is inside of you."

"Certainly, certainly, Cripps, with great pleasure!"

"And then of asking you to tramp another road, for your own sake, as well as hers, Sir. And may the Lord teach you to know your own mind!"

"Cripps, I will follow your advice for the present; though you have said some things that you scarcely ought to say."

"Then I humbly beg your pardon, Sir. Every one of us doeth that same sometimes. The bridle of the tongue falleth into the teeth when the lash is laid on us."

"Your metaphors are quite classical. However, I respect you greatly, Cripps, for your straightforward conduct. I am not a weak man, any more than you are; although you seem to think me one. I like and admire your sister Esther, for courage combined with gentleness. I always liked her when she was a child; and I understood her nature. But as to her—liking me more than she ought; Cripps, you are imaginative."

"Never heered before," cried Cripps, "any accoosation of that there kind."

"My friend, it is the rarest compliment. However, your horse is quite ready to walk off; and so am I, toward Cowley. I will not go to Shotover Grange to-day; and I will avoid your sister; though I really do like talking to her."

"You are a man, Sir!" cried Zachary Cripps, as Hardenow set off across the fields. "God bless your reverence, though you never get a waife! A true man he is, and a' maight a' been a great one, if he hadn't taken to them stiff coat tails."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

From a recent report of the United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association, presented at its third annual meeting at Providence on the 12th of January last, we learn that the number of factories in operation in 1875 was sixty, being four less than in 1874; that there were 2633 men employed, an increase of 195. The number of sailing vessels was 304, an increase of 21; of steam-vessels, 39, an increase of 14. The fish caught in 1875 amounted to over 563,000,000, or 1,877,767 barrels, an increase over the number in 1874 of 734,840 barrels. Of oil, 2,681,487 gallons were made in 1875, and 53,625 tons of guano. The capital invested for 1876 is $2,650,000, an increase of $150,000 over that of the previous year.

Reference is made to the announcement by Hon. S. L. Goodale, of Saco, Maine, of a practical application of menhaden in the form of a fish extract for medicinal and culinary purposes, this substance, as derived from menhaden, being considered especially nutritious and palatable. This promises to add a very great element of value to the menhaden industry, without in any way affecting the availability of the crop for the manufacture of oil and scrap.

As the result of experiments of shipments of scrap during 1874, it was announced that 4000 tons had recently been forwarded to Liverpool and Queenstown. It was resolved that all guano and scrap manufactured by members of this association shall be sold at the weight taken at the factory of the seller.

The adjourned meeting of the association is announced to be held at Providence on the 5th of April next.

The sixth number of the second series of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories has been published by Professor Hayden, and, like its predecessors, contains much matter of general interest to the naturalist and geologist. The contents consist of an account of the various publications relating to the travels of Lewis and Clarke, with a commentary on the zoological results of their expedition, by Dr. Elliott Coues; notice of a very large goniatite from Eastern Kansas, by Mr. F. B. Meek; fossil orthoptera from the Rocky Mountain tertiaries, by Samuel H. Scudder; and studies of the American falconidæ, by Robert Ridgway. This number closes the first volume of the second series, and contains an elaborate systematic index of the whole.

The death of Mr. John C. Cresson took place on the 12th of January, in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy years. Mr. Cresson for over thirty years was chief engineer of the Philadelphia Gas-Works, and in 1838 was chosen Professor of Mechanics and Natural Philosophy in the Franklin Institute, of which body he was also president. From 1867 to 1874 he was chief engineer of the great Philadelphia park.

The report of the Board of Visitors to the Melbourne Observatory has just been published, and it chronicles the continuance of the activity which has made this observatory one of the most important in the southern hemisphere. A new photo-heliograph and two new equatorials have been added to the instrumental equipment, already good. The great four-foot reflector has been occupied in the careful drawing of nebulæ, of which ten (already drawn in 1837 by Sir John Herschel) have been refigured. The great nebula round *Eta Argûs*, which has been suspected of change of shape, has not so changed during the past year, as far as observations show. Two drawings of the nebula 30 (β) *Doradûs*, by M. Le Sueur and Mr. M'George, which have already been published by the observatory, show some indications of variability. The Melbourne catalogue of 1227 stars was published in time to be of great service to the American and other transit of Venus parties in the southern hemisphere.

The Dutch Society for the Progress of Industry, Haarlem, proposes to establish a Museum of Art Applied to Industry, to contain specimens, models, and reproductions, representing styles of ornament, ancient and modern, classed according to their country and the period of their origin. In this way the society hopes to have a permanent exhibition of art applied to industry, which shall serve as a school where the best products can be studied without danger of confounding the styles.

The museum will be composed of five divisions: first, reproductions in plaster; second, reproductions and imitations in metal and electrotypes; third, texile art; fourth, glass-wares; fifth, faiences, porcelains, and terra cottas.

The society has just issued a circular inviting contributions to this museum, and promising that every thing shall be arranged and maintained in the most efficient manner. The idea is a good one, and might be appropriately followed by some of our American institutions, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example.

Mr. J. A. Poppe, of Sonoma, California, calls attention of the farmers of the United States to the subject of carp raising, in which he refers to his own experiences in the introduction of this fish into the country. In August, 1872, he arrived at Sonoma from Germany with five small carp, six inches long, all in very poor condition, one dying as it was placed in the water. In the following May he states that the fish had grown to be sixteen inches long, and had produced over three thousand young fish. He now has a very large stock, and all that he can send to market sells readily at $1 per pound as an article of food, and has no difficulty in disposing of all the living fish he is willing to spare at $5 each. He remarks that when well fed the fish will grow one inch per week for the first two or three months, after which the growth in length is slower, but that they increase in weight very rapidly.

The periodical of the Potomac Society Naturalists' Club, of Washington, entitled *Field and Forest*, has reached its seventh number, which, like its predecessors, is occupied largely with the proceedings of the club referred to.

In illustration of the extreme mildness of the winter in Washington, it is stated that on the 15th of January the winter-blooming jasmine was in full flower.

Dr. C. Arendts, secretary of the Geographical Society of Munich, announces that he has in preparation the sixth edition of Balbi's *General Geography*. For the better furtherance of his object he has sent to the Smithsonian Institution a request for contributions, in the form of original reports, maps, surveys, and explorations of the general government, of States, and of private individuals in the United States, for the purpose of making a satisfactory exposition of American geography and history. The Smithsonian Institution has signified its willingness to receive and forward to Dr. Arendts whatever may be sent to it for that purpose.

In 1873 Struve announced the discovery of a minute companion to the bright star Procyon. This observation was deemed important, as this companion was in the position where Auwers had predicted from theory that a satellite would be found, and it was of additional interest, as irregularities in the proper motion of Sirius, similar to those in the proper motion of Procyon which led Auwers to his theoretical conclusions, were in some degree accounted for by Clark's companion to the former star, discovered in 1862.

Since Struve's announcement he has seen this companion in 1874, but, we believe, not in 1875. This small star was looked for by Professors Newcomb and Holden, of the United States Naval Observatory, with the large telescope of that institution, and not found, although the circumstances were more favorable than those enjoyed by the astronomer of Pulkova.

Other astronomers at Washington and elsewhere, notably the Clarks of Cambridgeport, with the new M'Cormick glass of 26¼ inches aperture, and Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Clinton, with the four-foot reflector of Melbourne, failed to see Struve's companion. The superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, U.S.N., announces, in a communication to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston, that on January 12, 1876, Professors J. C. Watson and E. S. Holden discovered, under very fine atmospheric conditions, *three* new companions in the place where Professor Holden had previously seen *one* on November 25 and 26, 1874. It must now be presumed that no companion exists in the place noted by Struve, and that, for the present at least, we must suppose that the irregularities in Procyon's proper motion are not produced by a disturbing body, as in the case of Sirius.

Several States have lately appointed Fish Commissioners and enacted various laws looking toward the protection of the fish and their increase. Among them, Kentucky has enacted an extremely elaborate series of regulations on this subject, far more complete than are to be found in any other State of the Union. There are to be six or eight Commissioners appointed under the act, whose names have not yet been made public. Arkansas has also appointed commissioners, and the State of Georgia has placed the whole subject under her Commissioner of Agriculture. It is to be hoped that the few remaining States yet without Commissioners will not fail to make proper provision in the same direction, as concerted action on their part will do much toward obviating the antagonisms and difficulties in regard to the fish that belong to the waters of several States.

An annual meeting of the State Fish Commissioners is generally held at the call of the United States Commissioner, and it is announced that the session this year will take place at Philadelphia at some time during the period of the Centennial.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1876.

Sunday,	2.	—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	9.	—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	14.	—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	15.	—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	16.	—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	23.	—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.	—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.	—Second Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Monday,	1.	—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday,	7.	—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	14.	—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	21.	—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.	—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.	—Sunday after Ascension.

The "great revival," as it is now frequently termed, has spread into Canada. Many persons have united with the Protestant churches of St. John, New Brunswick. The Young Men's Christian Association of Montreal have held a Sunday evening meeting in the Théâtre Royal, which was filled to repletion. Great activity has been manifested by the Young Men's Christian Association of Binghamton, New York, in the holding of meetings both within and without that city; union meetings have also been held in the churches of Binghamton for ten weeks. Mrs. Van Cott is addressing great crowds in the State Street Methodist Church, Troy. In Newark, New Jersey, 5000 persons assembled at the Rink on Sunday, March 12, to listen to religious addresses and Christian singing. At Evansville, Indiana, religious services are held twice and thrice each day, under the auspices of the State Christian Association of Young Men. The Rev. R. A. Patterson, an evangelist of some note, has held services in Rochester, which have made a strong impression upon the students of Rochester University. Mr. Hammond continues to interest large congregations of young and old in Washington, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey still hold on their way prosperously in the city of New York. They have announced a conference of ministers and laymen to be held in the Hippodrome on the 29th and 30th of March.

Of Mr. Hammond a Washington secular paper speaks thus: "After hearing him, we were impressed with the fact that he never preaches essays or deals in the elaborate or transcendental. He wants to make religion a thing of every-day life; and this being his desire, he presses the Gospel on the acceptance of his hearers just as a skillful trader seeks to dispose of his goods, only that he offers the pearl of great price with more earnestness, so as to correspond with its infinitely greater value."

A bill for the taxation of church property is now on its passage through the Rhode Island Legislature. As passed by the Lower House, it exempted the buildings used for church, educational, and charitable purposes, but taxed the land. Before reaching the Senate, however, public attention was directed to it, and remonstrances in great numbers were sent to that Chamber. The bill has been amended so as to exempt land to the extent of one acre, on which free schools, academies, colleges, and churches are built, and also burial-grounds, almshouses, and certain charitable funds. In this shape it has passed the Senate. It now remains to be seen whether the amendments will be accepted by the House.

It is expected that at the next General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which assembles at Atlanta, Georgia, on the first Monday of May, the question of the union of all the colored Methodist bodies will be considered. The colored Methodist Churches are three in number—the African, the Zion, and the Colored Methodist; the aggregate number of their members is not much short of half a million.

The case of Jenkins *v.* Cook, which has excited so much attention in England, has entered upon a new phase. It will be remembered that on appeal to the Privy Council their lordships decided that there was no evidence before them that Mr. Jenkins was "an open and notorious evil liver" or a "common and notorious depraver of the Book of Common Prayer." They therefore admonished the Rev. Flavel Cook not to withhold the sacrament from his parishioner. Mr. Cook has declared that he will never obey the command of the Privy Council. A request has been presented to Mr. Jenkins, signed by 568 parishioners, begging him not to press his advantage, and urging him to leave the congregation. He is not disposed to accede to this request, and will claim his rights as a communicant. Should he do so, Mr. Cook will resign.

The Temperance Conference of New England ministers opened, in the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston, on Wednesday, March 15. There was a large attendance of both ministers and laymen. The Rev. J. B. Dunn (Presbyterian) made the opening address. The Rev. Messrs. Dunn, Cummings, Miner, and Conant were appointed to preside over the meetings in rotation. The Rev. A. A. Miner (Universalist) read a carefully prepared essay on the "Physiological Effects of Alcohol," the Rev. Dr. Mallalieu (Methodist), on "Christian Liberty as related to Alcoholic Beverages." Both essays, after being read, were discussed at some length. Six gentlemen, one from each New England State, were appointed to present a report of State temperance progress on the morning session of the second day. On the afternoon of Wednesday the Rev. Dr. Lorimer (Baptist) read an essay on "Temperance and Literature," and the Rev. Mr. Dunn (Presbyterian), one on "Alcoholic Drinks and Christian Missions." Among the striking passages in Mr. Dunn's essay was the following: "Some few years ago we clipped from a Boston paper this item: 'The sailing bark *Thomas Pope*, of New York, bound for Monrovia, Africa, cleared at our custom-house this forenoon. She had seven missionaries engaged as passengers, and twenty-nine thousand gallons of New England rum as part of her cargo.'" Mr. Dunn thought that this cargo might be classed as "assorted."

To the list of colleges affected by the great revival is now added Williams, Massachusetts. A noon prayer-meeting has been re-established which was organized by Professor Hopkins many years ago; on Monday evenings a general religious meeting attended by the faculty and students is held. A like religious interest prevails at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania.

The *Southern Churchman* reports the serious illness of Bishop Johns, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Virginia. Dr. Johns is one of the senior bishops of the Church, having been consecrated in 1842.

Mr. Moody's sermons are as simple and as homely in Arabic as in English. This is the story. The Rev. S. W. Marsh, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria, writes to the *Evangelist* from Tahlek: "Last Sunday evening some of our teachers were spending the evening with me, and one of them read aloud Mr. Moody's sermon, translating it into Arabic. It sounded in Arabic even more familiar and informal than in English, for the natives have an idea that a sermon must be in highest possible Arabic, and the less common people understand it, the more learned the preacher and the more eloquent the discourse."

This idea of a sermon may be found in some other parts of the world as well as in Syria.

By the decision of one of the Kentucky courts, the Protestant Episcopalians have recovered the Emanuel Church in Louisville. The Emanuel congregation joined the Reformed Episcopal body, and took with them their valuable real estate and edifice. The court decided that the Reformed Episcopal Church was not the original grantee, and therefore had no valid title to the property.

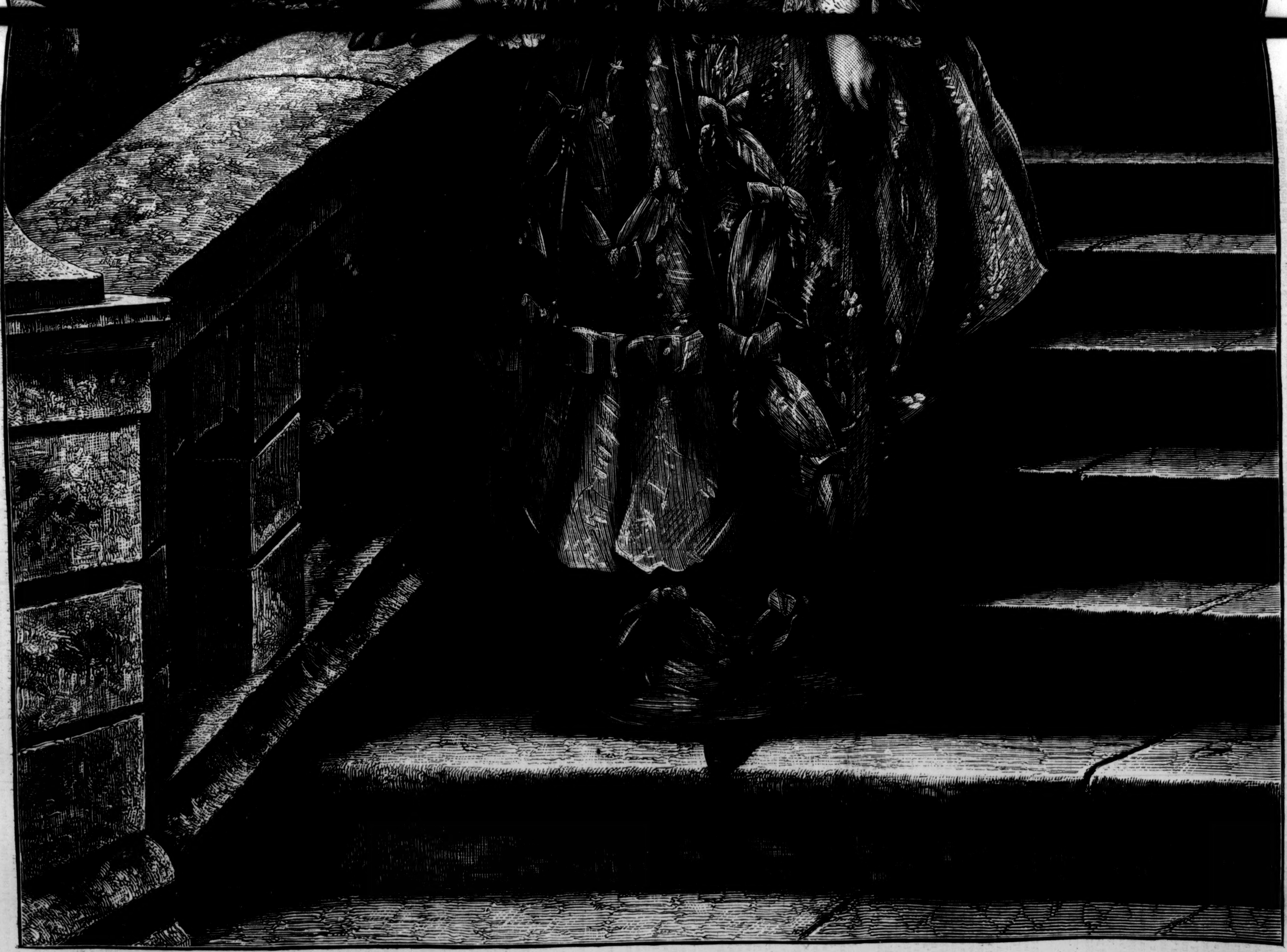
The elegant building of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on Boylston Street, is completed, and, it is expected, will be dedicated the third week in March. It stands nearly opposite the Masonic Temple. The Union numbers 2000 members, and has a library of nearly 4000 volumes.

The litigation in respect to the disposition of the Old South Church, Boston, has ended in an order of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts authorizing its sale. It is one of the landmarks of Boston, and its disappearance or permanent conversion to secular uses will be regretted by many Bostonians. It has already been used temporarily as a post-office.

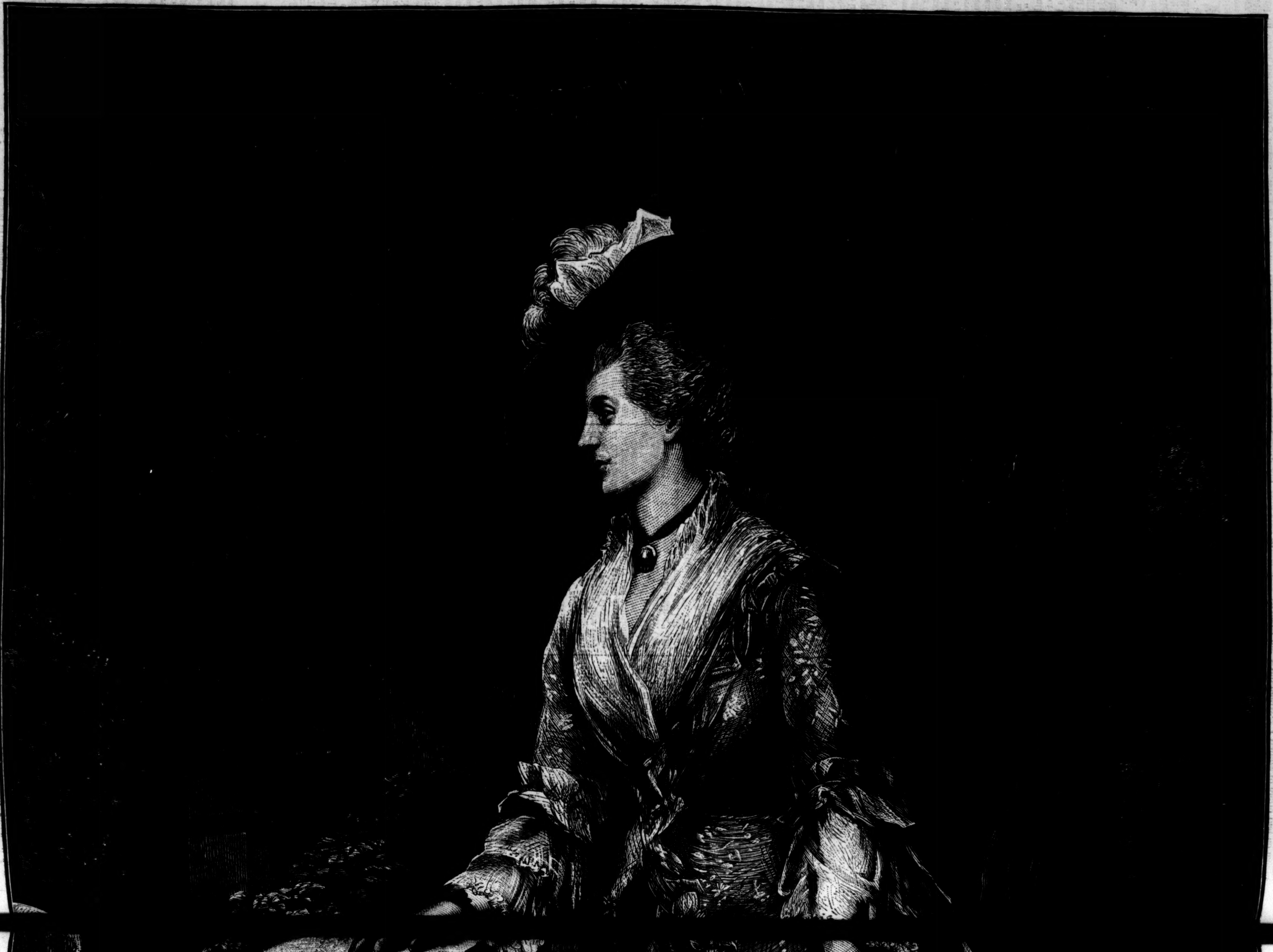
The decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri in the case of the heirs of Madame Le Marque *v.* Archbishop Kenrick is one of more than ordinary importance. Madame Le Marque maintained during her life a church and school at Old Mines, Washington County, Missouri. At her death she bequeathed $8000 absolutely and without stipulation to Peter Richard Kenrick, no title whatever being connected with the name of the legatee. The heirs at law contended in court that the bequest was a fraudulent evasion of the State Constitution, which forbids any such conveyance to a Churchman. The Archbishop, being called as a witness, admitted that the testatrix intended a trust, and admitted also that the form of the bequest was adopted in order to avoid collision with the State Constitution. The court held that the bequest was fraudulent.

INDIAN TRADING.

In the series of sketches on page 272 Mr. Cary gives us several interesting phases of life among the Indians on the Western plains. The first shows the interior of a trader's store, filled with every thing (including whiskey) which can attract the peculiar class of customers whose wants he supplies. The second represents a couple of Indians *en route* from their encampment to the store, the man strutting in advance, self-important and overbearing, while the woman walks behind, bending under the weight of a heavy load. In the third cut are shown the preparations for trading. The central sketch gives a view of a trader's post near a United States fort, with Indian tents irregularly scattered over the grounds in the vicinity. Underneath we have the return of the woman with the proceeds of her bartering, for the squaw, as a rule, not only carries all the burdens, but does the bargaining with the trader. It is evident from the concluding sketch that in this instance the lord and master of the wigwam is highly displeased with the results of the poor woman's dealings, and is giving her a severe lesson.



"ALONE."—By A. L. Vernon.—[See Poem on Page 270.]



ALONE!

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

Alone! Within my garden sweet
A thousand balmy odors blend;
Their fragrant breath the flowerets send,
As if a weary soul to greet.

Alone! Who knoweth not the word,
So full of mourning and of pain?—
The cry of one who calls in vain;
The saddest earth has ever heard.

Alone! What reck I of the flowers
That rise above the swelling sod,
Born of the sunshine sent from God,
And watered by His gentle showers.

Alone! The spring-tide's pomp and show
Are worse than hatred's subtle sneer.
No chance of resurrection here:
Eternal death was in the blow.

Alone! My sunshine was the smile
That faded in a winter's night;
My heart, defrauded of that light,
Remains in darkness all the while.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

III.—THE GREAT DEBATE.

The great debate began in the first session of the Congress, and was terminated forever in the last. The fate of slavery was decided in both hemispheres and for all ages. Yet, had it been foretold in 1860 that within four years the immense empire of the slave-holders would have been crushed into the dust, the slaves set free, the American Union purified from a lasting stain, there were few in the Old or the New World who could have accepted so wild a prophecy. Rather it had seemed that the fatal blight had diffused itself throughout the whole nation, and that freedom itself must perish in a slow but unceasing deterioration. Even in the first year of the war the government had trembled at the shadow of abolition, in the second had published its Emancipation Proclamation amidst the disapproval of the timid, had failed in 1863 to carry a proposition to destroy slavery, and was able only by a long course of patient argument and by a brilliant career of victory to wound to its death the national foe. The names of the actors in this memorable argument—and few will be remembered longer or with more varying emotions—were, in the House, Thaddeus Stevens, Ashley, Kasson, Blaine, Dawes, Schenck, Grinnell, Orth, Farnsworth, and others, on the side of freedom; and, on the side of slavery, Cox, Wood, Brooks, Pendleton, Holman, Kernan, Randall, and many more, the active defenders of a dying caste. The debate ran through the two sessions with ceaseless animation. Something of the inspiration of the moment seemed forever to hang over the friends of humanity in those decisive days. They felt—they saw—that on their labors and their success might rest the happiness of millions yet unborn, the fate of freedom, the destiny of a world. If they hesitated, then slavery might survive; if they paused, the languor of a succeeding Congress might fail to extirpate the foe of labor. Lincoln never ceased to urge on the measure; and amidst the fierce outcries of the falling caste, with all its host of followers, dependents, friends, in a happy moment Congress and the people proclaimed the emancipation of the working-man. The First Continental Congress had resolved that Europe should no longer seize upon the profits of American industry; the Thirty-eighth Congress declared that every man throughout the world was entitled to enjoy unmolested the proceeds of his own labor.

The keen, artistic, cultivated intellect of Thaddeus Stevens had, above all others, caught a view of the intense interest of the moment. He would not stop; he must not be put off. He was in haste to heal one of the chief of human woes. It was to him the hour of destiny. Mr. Brooks, in a speech lavish in research and full of subtlety, had pronounced, from the lessons of history, the extinction of slavery impossible. Often, indeed, in the course of this remarkable argument were the examples of ancient nations, English reformers, and mediæval republicans adduced to enlighten our generation upon its most important political problem, and to lift, if possible, the veil of the dim future. And Mr. Brooks had no difficulty in showing that human equality was a conception unknown in practice to all the past. But was not all the past barbarous and blind? "The chief anxiety of the gentleman," said Mr. Stevens, "is to save from destruction the darling institution of the Democratic party, the institution of human bondage. The gentleman condemns the President's determination to insist on the abandonment of slavery. In this every man of real humanity and justice throughout the world will differ with the gentleman, and posterity will record their abhorrence of his doctrines in impartial history." (*Congressional Globe*, January 5, 1865). Mr. Cox flew to the rescue of his fallen friend. He had evidently in hand one of his keenest thrusts, and he pointed out to the House, in animated tones, that the "eminent and patriotic Republican," Horace Greeley, was willing to ask and to conclude a peace with Richmond. But Mr. Stevens disclaimed the authority. "I never agreed with him [Mr. Greeley] in reference to proposing peace," he said. January 6, 1865, Mr. Ashley called up anew the bill for the abolition of slavery, and the discussion rose in interest as it drew toward a lasting decision. "If slavery is wrong, have we not the power to abolish it?" was the question which Mr. Ashley asked, and on which the controversy turned. Mr. Ashley's clear analysis of the meaning of the Constitution was carried on logically by Mr. Orth. "Is slavery, then, too sacred to be submitted to the ordeal and judgment of our people?" he cried. He pointed to the sympathy of England and France for the slave-holding caste, and its intense opposition to democracy. France was in Mexico; England was helping the insurgents. Was this a moment to hesitate in destroying the chief author of our discord?

To these appeals for action—and the Congress had but a brief period of labor left—the Democratic leaders replied by asserting that the object of the war was not the abolition of slavery, that the people did not ask for its abolition, that abolition was inexpedient. They pressed an immediate offer of peace to the insurgents on the basis of the preservation of slavery. Only two months before Richmond fell, they were willing to call off the armies and submit to the demands of Davis. The whole war, according to Mr. Fernando Wood (*Congressional Globe*, January 10, 1865), was an aggressive one on the part of the government. He thought it should be terminated "upon the basis of the existing Constitution." Even if conquered, he thought that there would be "a power of resistance left among the people inhabiting that vast territory (the Southern States) which would make it necessary to have a standing army upon every square mile to retain it." "Will you take away their property?" exclaimed the Democratic chiefs of the slave-holders. "No," said Mr. Grinnell, speaking for prosperous Iowa; "at the threshold I deny that there can be property in man." "I rejoice," he cried, "that this is the day of freedom, and that we are now about to give liberty to millions." "Mr. Speaker," cried Mr. Farnsworth, speaking for Illinois. "Property! What is property? That is property which the Almighty made property. Nowhere do you read that He gave man dominion over another man."

But Mr. Holman, from the other side, took up the argument for his Democratic faction. Less daring than Messrs. Wood and Cox, he neither defended slavery nor denounced the government. He denied that the Democratic party was "pro-slavery because it insisted upon the rights of the States to domestic government" (*Congressional Globe*, January 11, 1865). "I am no apologist for slavery," he said; "I know of no argument in its defense." Yet he gave his vote steadily with Messrs. Wood, Cox, and Randall for every measure that would best serve to embarrass the government and aid the rebellion, to cover the nation with debt and waste its perishing resources; and if slavery died in the awful conflict, it was not from Mr. Holman that it received a single wound. So Mr. Pendleton (*Congressional Globe*, January 11, 1865) essayed to save the perishing institution. He denied that three-fourths of the States could pass the amendment, or that the people could abolish the rule of slavery; this was one of the things which the Constitution did not permit; and he dissented from his friend Mr. Cox, who held that the people possessed unbounded power. Mr. Pendleton's argument drew out all the active intelligence of his opponents. Stevens, Ashley, Kasson, Wilson, Boutwell, assailed his somewhat startling proposition; for if slavery was so impregnable, if the spirit of the Constitution protected it forever, the war had better end at once, and Grant retire from Richmond. But the acute abstraction was easily refuted, and it was plain that the "spirit of the Constitution" made no special exception in favor of slavery, nor did the close of Mr. Pendleton's speech give a strong proof of his discretion. He closed with a wild prophecy of ruin. "If you drive the Southern people," he exclaimed, "to the last extremity by your military power," emancipation, confiscation of slaves, and destruction of local governments, "they will liberate their slaves, will arm their negroes," and, "aided by the moral force, if not the material power, of Europe, they will establish their independence, and your Union President will sign the treaty of dissolution." With such extraordinary fancies did the Democratic leaders in Congress attempt to alarm the nation as late as January, 1865, in the last hours of the war, when Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were closing around Richmond, when every heart should have beaten resolute with patriotic courage, and no accent of craven fear escaped the lips of the representatives of the people.

Mr. Pendleton had suggested that the authors of the war were not "the people now in arms," and Mr. Stevens rebuked him in a careful and animated reply. He told how, when, fifteen years before, he had first raised his voice against slavery in Congress, it had been dangerous even to speak of its abolition; how, with his friend on the right, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, he had never feared to denounce the infamous institution, amidst "the bowie-knives and revolvers and howling demons of the other side of the House," whom Mr. Pendleton would now defend. Of Mr. Pendleton he said the epitaph might at last be written, "Here rests the ablest and most pertinacious defender of slavery and opponent of liberty." But for himself, he would desire to be remembered as the friend of the poor and lowly of every shade and color. At length the great debate came to an end. Mr. Cox had exhausted all his epithets, and Stevens or Ashley or Blaine had never ceased to meet him at every point; Wood, Chanler, Holman, and Randall had interposed every delay, and proposed their last objections. A Democratic member from Brooklyn made the final appeal for the perpetuation of human bondage. The voting was now to take place. It was the 31st day of January, 1865. A crowded assembly looked down with intense interest on the scene and the proceedings, laden with the destiny of freedom and of labor. With a sentiment almost of awe, all men watched the recording of the votes. "I call the previous question," said Mr. Ashley. A Democratic member moved to lay the motion for abolition on the table. Steadily the Democratic faction moved together, and once more Cox and Wood, Pendleton, Kernan, Holman, and Randall, led on their party to the rescue of slavery. They failed. The sense of the House was taken, and amidst silent congratulations among the friends of freedom, it was found that the Democracy was beaten by a large majority. Mr. Ashley's motion was then carried. But on the final decision a doubt still rested. Could two-thirds of the House be found courageous enough to take the irrevocable step? Had not the threats, the arguments, and the real ability of the Democratic leaders shaken the confidence of some feeble Republicans? With deepening interest, the taking of the last vote went on. As two doubtful members voted "aye," the Republicans broke into applause. The Democratic faction, shattered and enfeebled, gave its last zealous support to slavery; and on the roll of that memorable day will be read by many generations the names of Holman, Randall, Wood, Cox, Kernan, Pendleton, and Allen, as they proclaimed in vain their enmity to the cause of labor. In the sight of the working-men of Europe and America, they lent their suffrages to the most odious of castes and the most intolerable of rebellions. But in vain. The vote was taken. Two-thirds of the members gave their suffrages to freedom; the Speaker announced the result; the Republican members sprang to their feet, with loud cheers and clappings of hands; the crowded galleries replied by a great and uncontrollable applause; with waving handkerchiefs and brimming eyes, fair women looked down gratefully upon the legislature which had so nobly borne the perils of a great contest; and through all the Union armies and amidst all the ardor of the rising nation, in all the homes of labor in Europe and America, in every centre of intelligence and progress, the cheers that burst from every side told that mankind had made one more vast stride toward humanity and justice.

The Democratic leaders retired from the scene of their defeat to renew in various forms their assaults upon the rights and dignity of labor. The people had overthrown them; the spirit of the age was against them. Nor does any one any longer sigh with Messrs. Cox and Randall for "the Constitution as it was," or would plant again in the New World the fatal blight of slavery. Yet, still linked to the policy of reaction, the Democratic leaders have never been able to keep pace with the rapid progress of the time. In 1865 they rallied to the defense of human bondage; in 1868 they labored for repudiation, or in 1872 tolerated intimidation and fraudulent elections; in 1875 endanger by a vindictive parsimony the commercial, agricultural, and educational interests of the Union. To those who would justly estimate the discretion and intelligence of the present Democratic leaders in Congress, who would understand how steadily they have always labored to depress the working-man and snatch away his scanty earnings, how they have been the natural product of the slave caste at the South, the papal caste at the North, and the peculiar favorites of all Tory and reactionary influences in England and on the Continent, it will be well to review the story of the Thirty-eighth Congress. Since the days when Mr. Cox denounced all Union men as "assassins," the people have all become Union men, and left him behind them. The ruin foretold by Mr. Pendleton in 1865 has proved the growth of a new nation. The people for whom Messrs. Randall and Holman once professed to speak have demanded universal freedom. No thoughtful American but stands to-day on the side of Thaddeus Stevens and Washburne, Dawes and Blaine. The days of slavery are lamented only by some Tory editor in England or some ultramontane journal at Berlin. The London *Standard*, the voice of English conservatism, recalls (February 17) with melancholy pleasure the memory of the slave-holders, of the men who, "with bowie-knives and revolvers," "like a band of howling demons," surrounded Stevens and Washburne when they suggested in Congress the idea of human freedom. Nothing, indeed, is more curious than the strict alliance which exists to-day between the most rigid English Tories and our Democratic leaders, and our people may well avoid as their bitterest enemies those whom the London *Standard* and the ultramontane press indicate by their applause as the natural friends of a ruling caste in Europe and America.

Eugene Lawrence.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER LIII.

MR. LEVISON CROSS-EXAMINES.

The inquest is resumed on the following day at eleven, in a room closely packed with eager spectators, among whom the *élite* of Redcastle are to be distinguished. The *élite* are deeply interested in the issue of this inquiry. Have they not taken Sibyl, as it were, to their bosoms, admitted her to those sacred hearths where never lowered the shadow of evil, and is it not incumbent upon her, for their sakes, for their untainted repute, to clear herself of this hideous charge? Her own shame, her own guilt, her own undeserved agony, if innocent, are of secondary consideration. "She has visited *us!*" cry the *élite*. "How dreadful it will be for us if it turns out that she has poisoned her uncle! People will say they met her in *our* houses. Quite a disgrace to happen to one, dear Mrs. Stormont," says Mrs. Groshen. "Actually humiliating, my dear," replies Mrs. Stormont.

The prevailing opinion in Redcastle is that Sibyl has done the deed. Perhaps had Stephen Treuchard endowed her with a million of money, popular feeling might have leaned the other way. It is difficult to suppose that the possessor of a million can err. The property qualification, once necessary to members of Parliament—three hundred per annum as a pledge of respectability—runs through life. Qualified with a million, no one could have imagined Sibyl a poisoner. But disappointed, deluded, penniless, an abject failure—as much a disappointment to her friends as to herself—Sibyl now appears in the light of a base and insidious schemer, who has well merited the disappointment of her schemes.

And what is this last revelation? asks Redcastle, indignantly—when the story of Mr. Secretan's arrival at the jail with his wife gets, no one knows how, into active circulation—what is this about a husband? What! She has been deceiving us all this time. She has been parading herself in fine dresses, which may never be paid for; she has been spreading her silken train like a peacock's tail, and showing herself off in her false colors as an unmarried woman to the detriment of *our* daughters. She has been exercising her wicked fascinations upon *our* sons. She has flirted with our husbands, even—and has taken us all in with her pretended innocence and affected girlishness.

"The husband must be as bad as the wife," says Redcastle, and various are the speculations and statements as to Mr. Secretan's character.

The inquest begins, and here he is, standing behind his wife's chair as she sits in the place of the accused, the focus of every pitiless eye, eyes that have once looked kindly at her, eyes that have admired. There is Fred Stormont, with his mouth open, standing on tiptoe to look over his father's shoulder. Stay, there is one face not quite unpitying. Dr. Mitsand sits yonder near the Coroner, grave, watchful, and with a look which Sibyl takes for sympathy.

"Really a handsome young man," whispers Mrs. Stormont, through that thick veil of hers, to Mrs. Groshen. "He looks like a gentleman, too."

"Rather the air of an adventurer, I fancy," replies Mrs. Groshen.

The witnesses are examined, and there is much repetition of evidence given on the previous examination. Joel Pilgrim, calm, precise, and faultless of intonation, relates the discovery of Mr. Trenchard's death.

"At what hour had you last seen him alive?" inquires the Coroner.

"At ten o'clock on the previous evening, when I bade him good-night."

"You had access to him at any hour of the night, I believe?" interposes Mr. Levison.

Joel looks at the questioner somewhat insolently.

"Am I to answer this person's questions?" he inquires of the Coroner.

"Yes, so long as they are relevant to the case."

"I don't know what you mean by having access," answers Joel. "Mr. Trenchard's bedroom door was locked. There was a second door, but that opened on a back landing, and was only used by the butler."

"But it was equally convenient for you, had you wanted to see Mr. Trenchard in the night, I think," says Mr. Levison.

"I don't see that," answers Joel, curtly.

"Don't you. Allow me to make the fact clearer to you. Here is a little plan of the landing on the back staircase." He exhibits a sheet of cartridge-paper, with a ground plan in pen and ink. "Here are doors numbered 1, 2, 3. No. 1, Mr. Trenchard's bedroom; No. 2, his dressing-room; No. 3, your bedroom. You perceive that from the secondary door of your bedroom to the secondary door of Mr. Trenchard's bedroom is but a step."

"That is right enough, but I never entered Mr. Trenchard's room by that secondary door."

"What, not upon the night but one before the murder, when you had an important conversation with Mr. Trenchard upon financial matters?—a conversation which was overheard by a witness I shall produce by-and-by—overheard in consequence of your having left that secondary door ajar."

Mr. Levison looks fixedly at the witness as he asks this question; Mr. Secretan's eyes are also fixed upon that tawny countenance, and every eye in the court follows those other eyes. A curious change comes over that dusky complexion of Mr. Pilgrim's. It is not pallor, but rather a deeper tint of olive which makes him look like a sufferer in an advanced stage of yellow jaundice.

"Did you make use of that secondary door?" asks Levison.

"Never!" replies the witness, resolutely.

"And you have no recollection of that particular conversation?"

"I can recall no particular conversation of the kind. Mr. Trenchard and I had been in business together, and had many conversations upon financial matters."

"Was not some of Mr. Trenchard's capital engaged in your business at the time of his death?"

"Mr. Trenchard took all he could take out of the business when he left Calcutta."

"But he still retained a share in the business, and had a claim to his share of profits arising therefrom?"

"What can my business relations have to do with this inquiry?" exclaims Joel, angrily. "These questions are simply impertinent. We are here to ascertain the cause of Mr. Trenchard's death."

"I beg your pardon," replies Levison, sharply. "Medical evidence has established the cause of death. We are here to find out who killed him—and to get at the murderer we have to discover the motive. I venture to affirm that no motive can be ascribed to the lady now under arrest."

The name of Levison is such a power in the criminal court that the Redcastle Coroner, who might have restricted the inquiries of a lesser man, allows Mr. Levison full license. The Coroner, being a medical man, has not that affection for legal formulæ which distinguishes some of his brother officials, and is content to let another man have his share in the development of the case.

Podmore is the next witness examined. He has not forgotten the Coroner's reproof, and has brought his mind to as near an approach to sobriety as it is possible for a brain so steeped in alcohol to arrive at on short notice. He gives pretty much the same evidence as he gave on the previous occasion; and of him Mr. Levison asks no questions.

Next comes a witness whose appearance causes a feeling of compunction even in those minds most set against the accused. This is Jane Faunthorpe, who stands before the assembly in her black frock and black straw hat—cheap mourning provided by the parish doctor's scanty purse—with her face paler than it has ever been seen before, and her eyelids swollen with weeping.

She has but one feeling, and that is the conviction that Sibyl is to be hung, and that the hanging will be in some measure her own work. She has not forgotten that speech of her uncle's about her having put a rope round her sister's neck.

She looks at Sibyl piteously, her eyes brimming with tears, and the corners of her mouth remorsefully depressed.

"I can't help it, Sibyl," she whispers. "It isn't my fault."

"Do you know the nature of an oath, my dear?" asks the Coroner.

"I know that it is very dreadful, and one mustn't do it," replies the tearful child.

The question is explained to her, and the oath administered, and then comes the ordeal. She is made to tell every thing, reluctantly and with many tears. She gives a detailed account of Sibyl's visit to the surgery, and her own remarks about the odor of bitter almonds.

"But I know why she took that horrid stuff," adds Jane. "It wasn't to poison Uncle Trenchard, but to poison herself, poor dear thing; and I know why she wanted to poison herself."

"Really, Mr. Coroner," interposes Joel, "if these childish speculations are to be admitted as evidence—"

"'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,'" says the Coroner, gravely. "Let the little girl tell us her opinion. It can do no harm."

"I know that Sibyl was very unhappy," pursues Jane, eagerly. "Uncle Trenchard wanted her to marry him," pointing to Joel.

"You must not point at people," says the Coroner. "You must tell us whom you mean."

"Well, then, Mr. Pilgrim. Uncle Trenchard wanted her to marry Mr. Pilgrim, and she didn't like him, and couldn't have married him if she had liked him, because she had a husband already, and there he is," pointing to Alexis; "and how he can let his wife be taken up for murder is more than I can understand," concludes Jane, indignantly.

"And you think your sister may have taken that poison with an idea of destroying herself?" inquires the Coroner.

"I'm almost sure she did."

"When we have done with these expressions of juvenile opinion I suppose we shall pass on to actual evidence," says Joel, with a sneer.

"You and I are at one as to the object of this inquiry, I hope, Mr. Pilgrim," replies the Coroner, gravely.

Mr. Levison asks more questions of Jenny, all tending to show Sibyl's distress of mind at the time of her abstracting the poison, and that this distress was occasioned by her uncle's endeavor to force her into a marriage with his friend.

"It was quite dreadful at the last," says Jane. "Things were to be huddled up anyhow. She was to be married, after a few days' notice, without a single bride-maid, or a wedding dress, or any thing, and then to go out to India. And she had a husband already, and so what could she do but poison herself or run away?"

After this, Jenny is dismissed, and retires weeping. On the whole she has made an impression in Sibyl's favor, except upon some of the feminine members of the audience, Mrs. Stormont in particular, who whispers to Mrs. Groshen,

"That girl is a mass of deception;" to which the banker's wife nods acquiescence, though not very clear as to whether "that girl" means Sibyl or Jenny.

Sibyl keeps her seat meanwhile, pale, but very calm. She gives an upward look at her husband now and then in the course of the proceedings—a look that is full of trustful affection, and which goes straight to the heart of Sir Wilford Candonnel, who surveys the scene from the back of the crowd at the other side of the room. Sir Wilford would give much to be in Mr. Secretan's place—ay, although that awful suspicion hung over his wife. The possibility of Sibyl's guilt has never entered his mind, although Phœbe and Lavinia have been loud in their denunciations, and have gone so far as to say that they saw "secret poisoner" written upon Miss Faunthorpe's countenance while she was staying at the How. Loud will be their self-congratulations and crowings by-and-by when they hear that this chosen of their brother's was a married woman all the while, and that poor Wilford has been deluded by a designing adventuress. They are not present at this examination. They would not degrade themselves by being interested in this business. It is all very well for the town to be in a fever of curiosity. The county sits aloof amidst its gardens and stables, and poor schools, and vested interests, and can afford to let the topic of the day go by.

After Jenny's examination, the Coroner adjourns the inquiry with a view to obtaining additional evidence. But, before this adjournment, the Coroner and Mr. Levison talked confidentially together for some minutes, and it is clear to every one present that the additional evidence will be given by witnesses suggested by Mr. Levison—witnesses for the defense.

The suspended inquiry closes somewhat abruptly, as it seems to the audience, and there is a sense of disappointment at this unfinished condition of things.

Alexis leaves the court full of anxiety, yet more hopeful than he had been before the inquest. He has seen that curious change in Joel Pilgrim's countenance when pressed by Mr. Levison's questions, and he is convinced that Joel Pilgrim is in some manner concerned in the murder.

He accompanies Sibyl back to the jail, and then returns to the hotel to meet his legal adviser, eager to know what Mr. Levison has to say of the day's work.

"Well," he asks, as soon as they are closeted together, "what do you think of Joel Pilgrim?"

"I think he did the trick," replies Mr. Levison, after one of his long pauses, which are aggravating to a man as anxious as Alexis, "and I think he'll bolt."

"Bolt!"

"Yes. Try to get out of the country. My questions hit him hard. He sees the game is up. The case is simple enough. The old man wanted to wring money out of him, a lump of money, and he was under the old man's thumb in some way. The old man could wind up his business—had a bill of sale or partnership deed that gave him unlimited power, and threatened to crush him unless the money was forth-coming. And, not being able to get the money, Mr. Pilgrim took the easiest way out of the difficulty by giving his partner a dose of prussic acid."

"He must have known that detection was inevitable."

"I'm not so sure of that. There's a great deal of ignorance in this enlightened age of ours. This man has been brought up in the East, where crime of this kind is commoner and easier than it is here. He may not be very well posted in English law or English customs. He may have thought that in a sleepy little town like this Redcastle no inquiry would have been made as to the cause of an old man's death. He was ailing, and he died, and there an end; or he may have thought that the death would have been put down to suicide; or, supposing him to be a very bad lot, he may have intended from the outset to lay the crime at your wife's door. He knew of her possession of that prussic acid."

"How do you know that?"

"From her own lips, when I talked this matter over with her half an hour before the inquest. She had shown him the bottle of poison, and threatened to kill herself if he molested her with such attentions as he might have thought he had a right to pay to his affianced wife. She let him know that she had the poison in her possession, and then, in the hurry of her flight, she forgot the existence of the bottle, and left it, she does not remember where. It was found in her work-basket, where, no doubt, he put it when he had used its contents."

"Might not just the same thing have been done by Podmore?"

"How was Podmore to know that your wife had that bottle in her possession? or, granted that he did know it, I don't see his motive."

"Servants have murdered their masters for the sake of plunder, or to come into the possession of a legacy."

"True, but I don't think Podmore is the man. I have had the two men under my eye, and have taken my measure of both."

"What are we to do if Pilgrim makes a bolt?"

"Stop him. I've taken measures for that already. I telegraphed to Scotland Yard for a man I can depend upon. He came down by the first train this morning, and Mr. Pilgrim is under that man's surveillance. He'll play with him as a clever angler plays with his fish, and, if it's to be done, he'll land him. But we want the bolt to be decided, we want Pilgrim to throw up the sponge. An attempt to get away may help us to fix him with the fact, for you see the case is a very difficult one. We have to get that prussic acid bottle, known to be in your wife's possession, transferred to the hands of Pilgrim. It's not enough for us to show that there was sufficient motive for his putting the old man out of the way: we must show that he actually did the deed."

"I don't see how it is to be done," says Alexis, despondingly.

"No more do I, just at present."

"Do you think the jury were favorably impressed as to my wife by to-day's examination?"

"Well, yes; I should say rather favorably than otherwise. Your wife is very handsome, you see, and beauty has a great influence upon juries. Then that little girl's evidence, though it was awkward as to the possession of the poison, was good in some points. Children are capital witnesses if you work them carefully. They always excite sympathy. The little girl suggested a motive for Mrs. Secretan's procuring the poison—suicide—persecuted, unprotected, and so on. That idea fits in with her flight from Redcastle. Yes, I think, on the whole, the little girl's evidence was good."

It is seven o'clock by this time, and Mr. Levison is ready for his dinner—a substantial fact in the day which he is not inclined to ignore, even though a client's life and fair name tremble in the balance. The two gentlemen dine together, Alexis too anxious to eat—a condition of things which Mr. Levison severely reproves.

"If you want to see your wife safely through this business, you must begin by taking care of yourself, Mr. Secretan," says the lawyer, helping himself to a second supply of fish. "This salmon is the finest I have ever eaten in this part of England. Try a little bit of the back."

But salmon can not tempt Alexis, who is full of anxieties this evening.

The post has just brought a letter from Dick, inclosing another from Linda Challice, and telling him that the little boy has arrived at the Grange.

"He's a dear little fellow," writes Dick, "but he frets a good deal about Miss Challice, and it's as much as the maid-servant and I can do to comfort him. We've found a pony for him, and we are teaching him to ride up and down the meadow, which we find very consoling. He laughs and enjoys himself very much during the ride, but when it is all over he still cries for mammie. I am afraid that in the process of consolation we have given him rather more strawberries and other fruit than may be quite advisable. I dare say when you come back he will speedily reconcile himself to his new home. He is to go and see Grandpapa Benfield on Sunday afternoon. Miss Challice has gone to the south of France on a sketching tour. I dare say she has told you all about it in her letter."

This is rather startling news to receive at such a time. His boy at home; Linda gone. He hastens to read her letter:

"DEAR MR. SECRETAN,—A little quiet reflection has convinced me that you, and you alone, have a right to the custody of my darling Trot. Providence brought him to our home. Providence brought you there to claim your own. What can I wish for him better than a happy home and his father's love? Parting with him is a wrench that must almost break my heart; but the pain would be just the same, let the parting come when it might. Knowing this, I have made up my mind to give him up at once, and send him to you this day.

"In order that I may not feel the loss of my darling quite so keenly as I must feel it if I staid in the home that he has brightened, I have determined to go abroad for a short time. I am going to Cannes, to an old lady, an aunt of my father's, who keeps a boarding-house there. I shall be enabled to practice my favorite art of landscape-painting among strange scenes, and the change will be altogether an advantage to me. Of course you will understand that I shall not stay too long away from my dear old grandfather.

"Good-by, dear Mr. Secretan. May my darling Trot be as happy as I wish him, and a source of unfailing happiness to you! I shall expect to see him grown quite a big boy when I come back to Dorley. Very sincerely yours,

"LINDA CHALLICE."

Alexis folds up the letter with a sigh. So ends his brief romance of Dorley Mill. That Linda has been dearer to him than she should have been he knows but too well. That her heart has been touched by some feeling warmer than pity for a helpless invalid he more than half suspects; but he has never harbored one dishonorable feeling, he has never cherished one guilty wish, and he feels that in thus leaving Dorley for a little while Linda has shown herself as wise as she is good. Pity for his wife's most pitiable condition has strangled that unpermitted love in its birth. He can think of Linda now with a pathetic tenderness hardly akin to pain, as of one he has loved and lost long ago.

He answers Dick's letter before he leaves the hotel, and gives him a string of directions about Trot—the things that are to be done, and the things that are to be left undone. No mother, writing about her first-born, could be more careful. He posts this letter himself on his way to the jail.

He spends a quiet hour with Sibyl, but says not a word about his boy. He can not bring himself to talk of Trot within those walls. It will be time enough when Sibyl is free from this horrible suspicion, and he can take her to Cheswold Grange.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR SWINTON, in his *Bible Word-Book* (Harper & Brothers), has done a good service for Sunday-school teachers and Bible classes, and for Bible readers generally, who wish to understand what they read. The following examples, taken at random, fairly represent the character and value of the book:

In II. Chron., ii. 18, it is said, "And three thousand and six hundred overseers, to set the people a work." In present English usage this can mean only to assign the people a work, something to do. But in old English, as explained in the *Word-Book*, it means to set them to work, as in Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., Scene 3, "Skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work." In the passage above quoted from the Bible, "a work" should be written with a hyphen, "to set the people a-work." In the oldest form of our vernacular Bible (Coverdale's version, A.D. 1535), the sense of the passage is correctly given, "And three thousand and six hundred overseers, which held the people at their work."

In Judges, ix. 53, it is said, "And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all to break his skull." Considerate woman! When she hurled the piece of millstone at his head, all she intended was to break his skull—nothing more. The *Word-Book* here corrects two very serious mistakes in the copies of the Bible as now printed. "All to" should be written with a hyphen (all-to), the Teutonic *allzu*, altogether, wholly; as in Latimer's *Remains*, "We be fallen into the dirt, and be all-to dirtied, even up to the ears." Moreover, "break" (which, with the prefix "to," is the infinitive), should be written "brake" (the imperfect), as it was printed in the first edition of the English Bible, A.D. 1611.

In the Gospel of John, iii. 33, it is said, "Hath set to his seal that God is true." This is naturally understood to mean, has set (affixed) these words to his seal as a motto. But "set-to" is an old compound verb (the Teutonic *zusetzen*), and "set-to his seal" means to put his seal to, to attest by his seal, as in an old manuscript, "if it be so, they must set-to their hands." The meaning is, has put his seal to this truth—has attested by his seal that God is true.

In Acts, xxiii. 27, it is said of Paul, "This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them," implying (in present English usage) that it was a pity it had not been done. But "should" is the Teutonic *sollte*, and "would have been" is the meaning here.

In I. Tim., ii. 9, it is enjoined (as our English Bible is now printed), "that women adorn themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety." The original edition of 1611 has "shamefastness," formed from shamefast (modest, diffident), like steadfastness from steadfast. What has taken its place in our English Bible, as now printed, is an "unmeaning corruption by the printer of a very expressive and beautiful word." (Alford.)

In Acts, xxi. 15, it is said of Paul and his traveling companions, "We took up our carriages and went up to Jerusalem." Apparently their carriages might more properly be said to take up them. But the phrase is explained by the early English use of the word for that which is carried; and the meaning is expressed in Cranmer's version, "We took up our burdens," and more exactly and expressively in the Genevan version, "We trussed up our fardels."

It would be a useful as well as pleasant exercise in Sabbath-schools and Bible classes, as well as in the family, to compare all the passages referred to under each article in the *Word-Book*, and others which may be found by the aid of a concordance. No words are more misleading than those which have changed their meaning in the lapse of two and a half centuries, and yet make sense (though a false one) in the new signification acquired. Here the reader is not put on his guard, as in the case of words which are now wholly out of use, and convey no meaning except to the antiquary. Of the former class the word *conversation* is an instructive example. It occurs in twenty passages of the Bible, and in none of them was used by the translators in the restricted sense to which it is now wholly confined, and in which it is understood in all those passages by most readers of the Bible.

In an exceedingly entertaining book, entitled *Why We Laugh* (Harper & Brothers), the Hon. SAMUEL S. COX, in his most characteristic manner, illustrates the peculiarity and infinite variety of American humor. Those of our readers who have read Mr. Cox's articles on this subject in *Harper's Magazine* have had simply a foretaste of the rich miscellany contained in this book. While the author has pursued a philosophic method, he does not offensively parade his philosophy, and the reader is allowed the undisturbed enjoyment of the most complete collection of anecdote and humor ever offered to the public. Mr. Cox has illustrated the various phases of his subject largely from political life, thus availing himself of his own extensive experience.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—It is stated that a well-known legal official for the new British colony of Feejee—the law courts of which have only recently been opened—owes his appointment to the fact of his being the thinnest man on the roll of English barristers. In deference to certain peculiar tastes and customs among the Feejeeans, it was thought well not to tantalize them or put temptation in their way by sending out a plump law officer. A well-known old epicure out there expressed his opinion of the new legal luminary thus: "Pah! No soup dere. He not fat enough for broth even!"

UTTERLY SOLD.—He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up, he said to the waiter, "I declare, if I haven't forgotten my purse!" The waiter fired up, and hurled big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came, the stranger continued, "But I have a five-dollar bill here in my waistcoat pocket." The waiter couldn't smile, to save his life.

QUID PRO QUO.—It was Sydney Smith who retorted upon some one who called him an every-day man, "Well, if I am an every-day man, you are a weak one."

The boy's first really great lesson in acting usually takes place upon meeting his mother in search of the pantry key, which lies securely at the bottom of his pocket.

A poetical New Hampshire editor, speaking of trees, says: "Every tree is a feather in the earth's cap, a plume in her bonnet, a tress upon her forehead; wherefore plant trees!"

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of Moselle—still and sparkling.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT—A love match.

"That's what I call a finished sermon," remarked a man as he was coming out of church. "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

LATEST NOVELTY.—The "leap-year neck-tie" for gentlemen has a spring which, being touched, moves a thickness of silk aside and shows a disk inscribed "No."

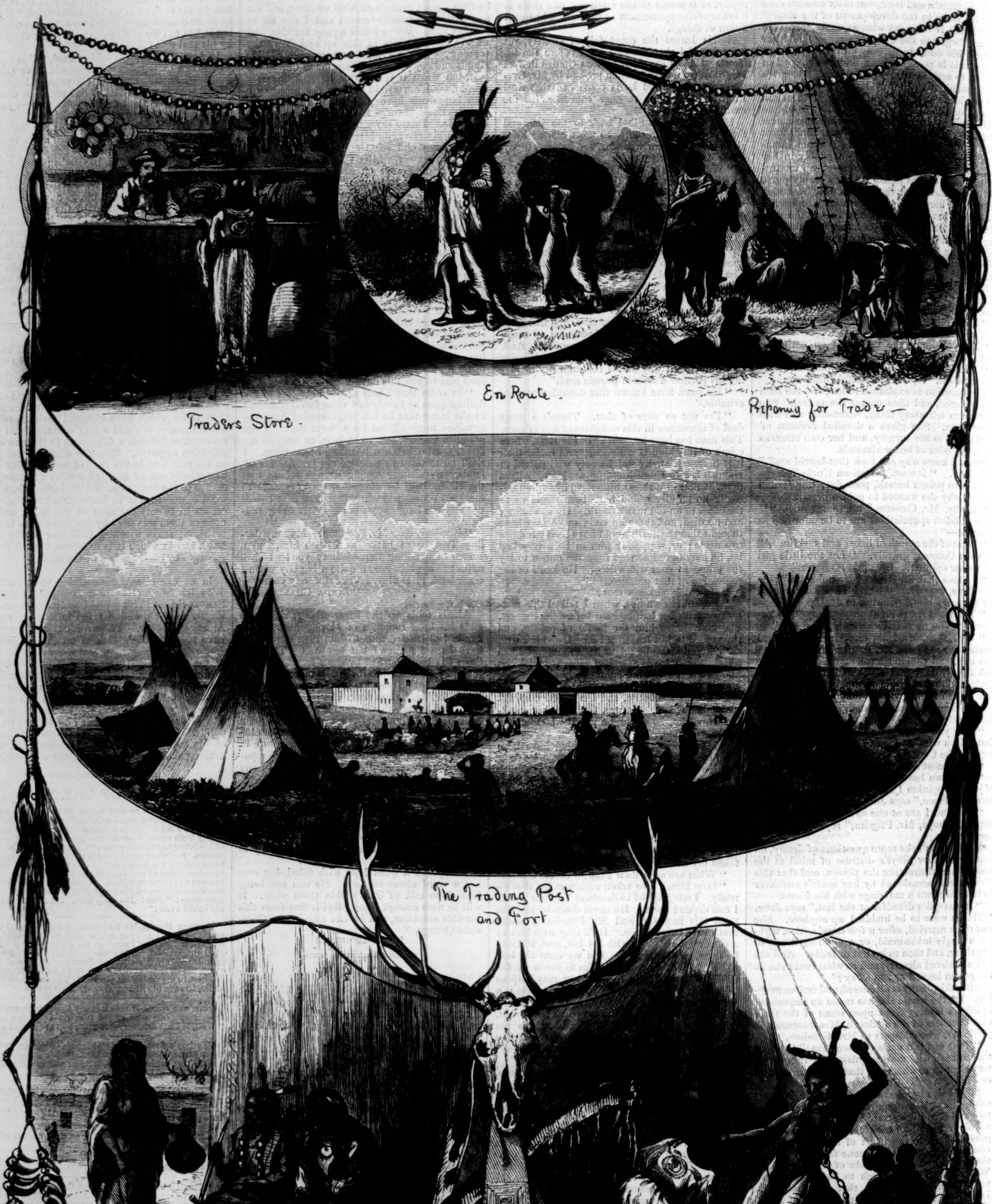
"Do you love me still, John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband. "Of course I do—the stiller the better," answered the stupid husband.

VERY LIKE A KETTLE.—A woman is very like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and when you least expect it, she boils over.

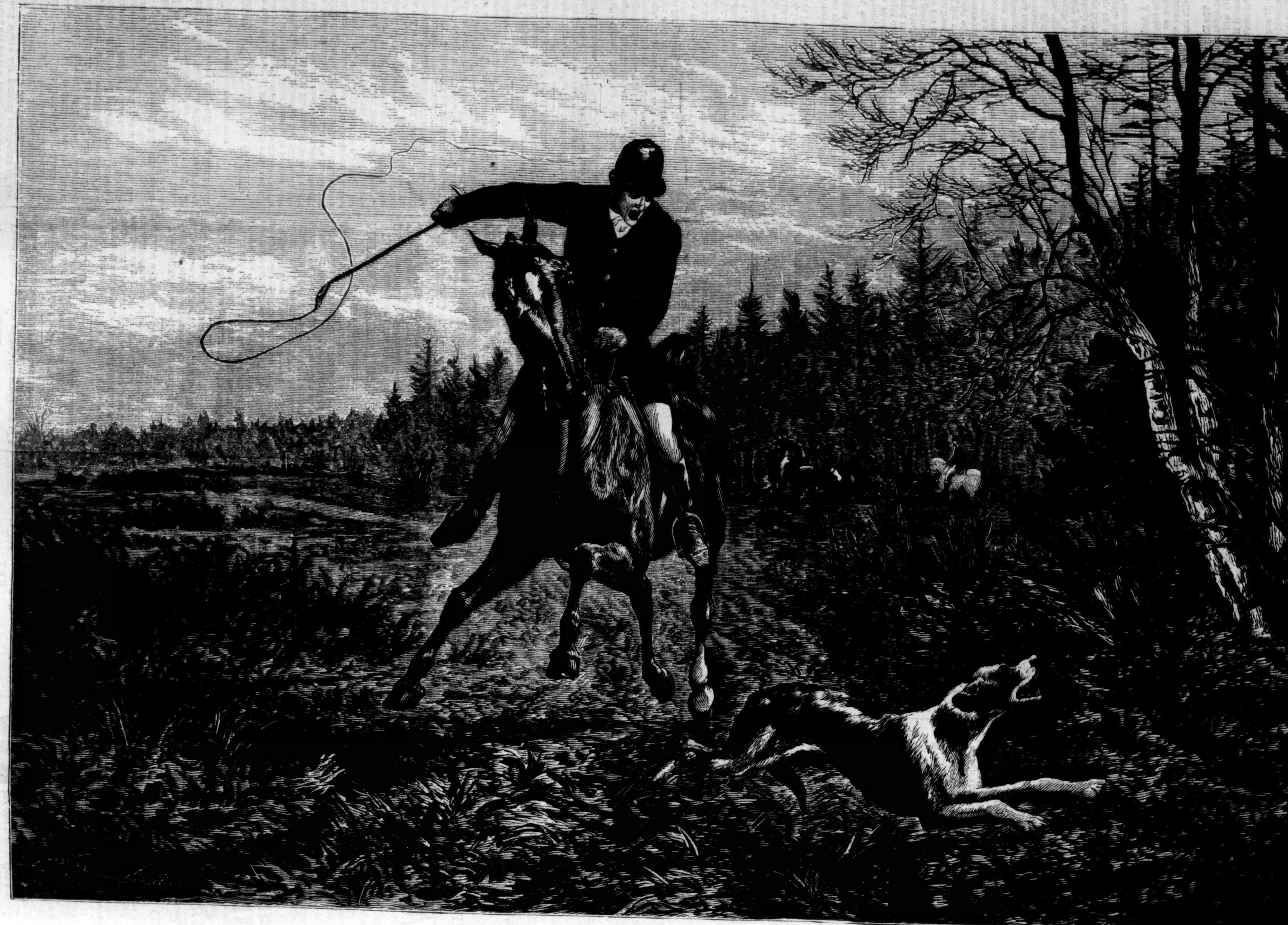
PERHAPS NOT.—"Bless you," said John Henry, with tears in his eyes, "she takes her own hair off so easy that perhaps she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

An Irishman in a strange town stood looking at a vessel. "Where are you from, Paddy?" asked a passer-by. "Begorra, Sir, I'm from any where but here," he replied, "and I'll soon be from here too, Sir."

HAPPY LAND.—It is the custom in Iceland for a man's mother-in-law to work out and support his family, and in that country no newspaper ever flings any slurs at that estimable old lady.


Traders Store.
En Route
Preparing for Trade
The Trading Post and Fort
Return from Trading.
Dissatisfaction

INDIAN TRADING.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 267.]



"'WARE BACK, RANGER!"—FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.—[See Page 274.]

"WARE BACK, RANGER!"

It is not probable that fox-hunting will ever become a popular pastime in the Northern States, where there are so few districts favorable to the chase, and where the general sentiment of the people is opposed to this thoroughly English and aristocratic sport. The recent attempt to introduce it in New Jersey proved a ludicrous failure; the interference of Mr. Bergh, the vigilant and kindly champion of the dumb creation against the cruelty of man, was not needed to frustrate the silly experiment. In some of the Southern States, however, under conditions of country and a general constitution of society more favorable to such sport, especially before the war, fox-hunting has always been regarded as a healthful and exhilarating pastime.

The spirited sketch on page 273 shows a huntsman in the act of calling back to the pack a hound which has perhaps gone off on a false scent, or is after other game than the fox. If he does not obey the cry, a stinging stroke from the huntsman's heavy whip will bring him to his senses.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The valuable library of Mr. John Forster, and also his pictures, were bequeathed by his will to the South Kensington Museum. Many persons in London have regretted that so rare a collection had not been made the property of the British Museum. Whatever might have been Mr. Forster's reasons for making the gift to the South Kensington Museum, it is a fact that at South Kensington the Forster collection will be known as such, and his taste in regard to books and pictures will be recognized, whereas it is not the custom of the directors of the British Museum to keep the treasures presented to their institution intact under the name of the donor. In Mr. Forster's collection are the manuscripts of all of Dickens's novels, with the exception of *Our Mutual Friend*, which was presented to Mr. Dallas, and is now owned by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. There are also, in addition to the original manuscripts, the corrected proofs of four of Dickens's novels. Johnson's own corrected copy of *The Lives of the Poets*, Swift's own "Dunciad" and Shakspeare folio, a rare collection of Hogarth's works, the copy of Addison's *Travels in Italy* presented to Swift by the author, and Pope's annotated copy of Garth's *Dispensary* are some of the treasures in the Forster collection.

The last charity ball for the Nursery and Child's Hospital netted $10,745, which has practically effaced all the indebtedness of this institution.

Cooper's novels, having been translated into the Russian language, are meeting with a great sale in that country. Bret Harte's tales and poems have also appeared in Russian.

Traffic through the Suez Canal seems to be steadily increasing. In 1875 the number of vessels which passed through the canal was 1494, an increase of 230 over the preceding year. In 1870 only 486 vessels passed through. It is estimated that about half the whole foreign trade of India has taken the route of the Suez Canal for the last year.

The Colosseum, corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, is now being dismembered, and will be carried piecemeal to Philadelphia, where it will be re-erected. It was built in 1873, at a cost of something like $150,000, and is entirely of iron. Nearly a year ago it was purchased, under a forced sale, by some Philadelphia merchants at a very low price. The paintings, representing panoramic views of London and Paris, were originally purchased by the English architect of the building from the old Colosseum in Regent Park, London. It is expected that it will be ready for use in Philadelphia early in May.

Vesuvius continues to exhibit increasing indications of an approaching eruption, and Naples is full of foreigners who are anxious to witness the phenomenon.

A wonderful phenomenon is reported from Bath County, Kentucky, not far from Mud Lick Springs—"a shower of flesh," it is called. It occurred on a bright day, when only a few floating clouds were observed in the clear sky. A fall of flakes resembling flesh continued for about ten minutes, covering a space of ground about two acres square. Hogs and chickens ate the substance with relish. The flakes varied in size from half an inch to three inches in length. Many of the residents of the place regarded this "rain of flesh" with superstitious awe. But "showers" of a somewhat similar nature are on record, and though always a strange phenomenon, are by no means unaccountable. The red pollen of certain plants in Europe has caused a so-called "shower of blood," the substance being borne through the upper air by winds and mixed with falling rains, imparting to it the appearance of blood. Small frogs have been known to fall during rain showers, the probability being that atmospheric whirlpools have drawn the water from ponds, with frogs and fishes, into high air, whence they have fallen with rain. The larvæ of insects, which often accumulate around the shores of Western lakes in vast quantities, are doubtless often caught up by a passing whirlwind, and returned to earth again in a different locality. In some such way the "shower of flesh" will be solved.

A flock of wild-geese recently became entangled in the telegraphic wires in the city of Salem, Oregon, and they so entangled the wires by their struggles that Salem was cut off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world.

The Emperor of Brazil is expected to arrive in Philadelphia about the time the Exhibition opens—May 10. He will stay, like any ordinary mortal, at the Continental Hotel, apartments having been already secured for him there by the Brazilian embassador.

If one wishes to have a vivid idea of the immense amount of business transacted by the New York Postal Department, he must visit the post-office itself, and the stations, and learn the details of the great work. Figures alone give no adequate conception of what is done. It is matter of interest, however, to know occasionally some of the figures. During the month of February the number of letters delivered by the post-office in this city was as follows: Registered letters, 21,629; mail letters, 2,809,956; mail postal cards, 298,386; local letters, 1,765,289; local postal cards, 477,594; newspapers, 722,547. The number collected, was as follows: Letters, 4,741,384; postal cards, 402,648; newspapers, 389,848. The postage on local matter was $79,950 35. The carriers employed numbered 431.

Victor Hugo has been offered the presidency of a new society just organized in Paris, "The General Association for the Study and Practice of Cremation."

Two vases of curious make, said to have been presented to a lady of Warren, Rhode Island, by the Mohawk Indians in 1751, have been sent to Philadelphia for exhibition at the Centennial.

Subcutaneous injection of ammonia has proved in many instances, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a cure for snake-bite. Cases are mentioned where, after the poison had so pervaded the system that symptoms of complete coma were apparent, injections of ammonia were used with magical effect.

From published statistics it appears that New York has a force of 2560 policemen; Philadelphia has 1292; St. Louis has 467; Brooklyn, 592; Boston, 700; Cincinnati, 331; and Chicago has 591.

The United States government held a sale in Water Street the other day. Some might call it a sale of "odds and ends," but as the first article put up at auction was "one box of portraits," there seems some reason for calling it an "art sale." The "box of portraits," however, did not bring a price flattering to the original, whoever it was. Then were offered, in rapid succession, "an empty cask," "one box of grape sugar," "a barrel of orange peel," "five empty demijohns," "a box of pipes," "one box of sardines," "casks of damaged prunes," "a barrel of pickles," and so on, to the number of 829 lots, for which the government obtained about $9000.

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and, being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by dealers in medicines. —[*Com.*]

Coughs.—A Medicinal Preparation in the form of a *Lozenge* is the most convenient. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.—[*Com.*]

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr Tobias's Venetian Liniment for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

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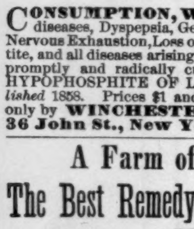

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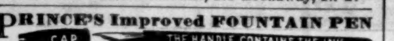
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Immense Display of Fire-Works

From platforms in front of the building, at 10:30 P.M. A list of the awards will be published in the New York *Herald* and New York *News*, on July 5.

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Coupon Tickets are now being sold for One Dollar each, entitling the holder to two fifty-cent admissions, or four twenty-five-cent seats in the Third Avenue Theatre any evening (good until used), and also to the present which may be awarded to its number. Thus each purchaser will receive the full value of what is paid, and have a gratuitous chance of receiving a valuable present, viz.:

1 Present, Two-story Cottage and Lot, just built, at Garden City Park	$1000
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100 Presents, Silver Watches, at $20	2000
388 Presents of 1-Dollar Greenbacks	388
500 Presents, amounting to	$5388

Purchasers of tickets have the right to sell the admission coupons if they desire and retain the numbered cards. Tickets may be ordered by mail. Address or call upon

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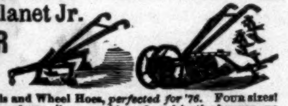

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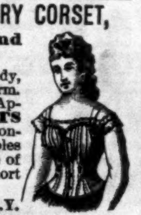

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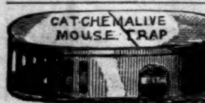

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Napoleon, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1874.
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WM. SHEFFIELD, Banker.

Franklin, Ga., Jan. 20, 1875.
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Lloyd, Wis., Feb. 19, 1875.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind.:
I used 2010 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, 1874.
MARY H. McCORKLE.

Union Mills, Ind., Sept. 30, 1872.
Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.:
I used 1920 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872. JOHN McLAIN.

Santa Clara, Cal., Dec. 30, 1873.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind.:
I used 720 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, 1874. W. H. FARWELL.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov., 1871.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind.:
I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, 1871.
JOHN B. HOWARD, M.D.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 6, 1874.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind.:
I used an equivalent of 1440 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, 1874.
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Brookland, Potter Co., Pa., May 19, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind.:
I used 1200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, 1874.
MRS. E. A. HAMILTON.

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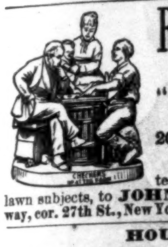

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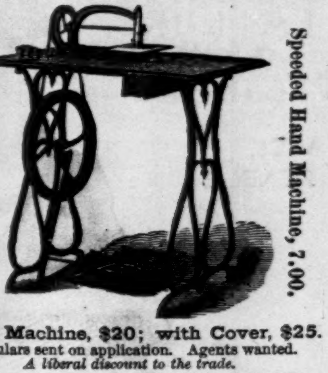

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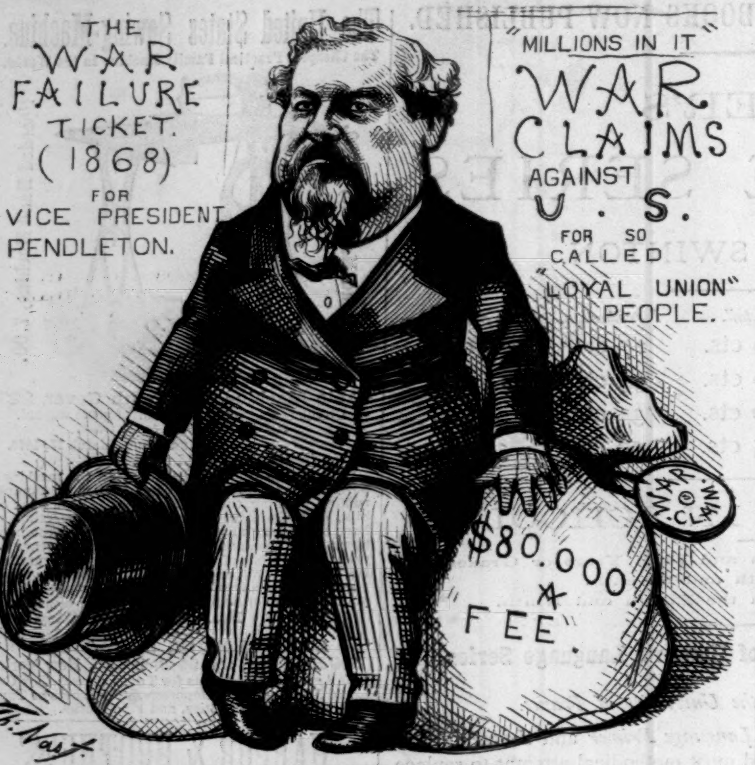
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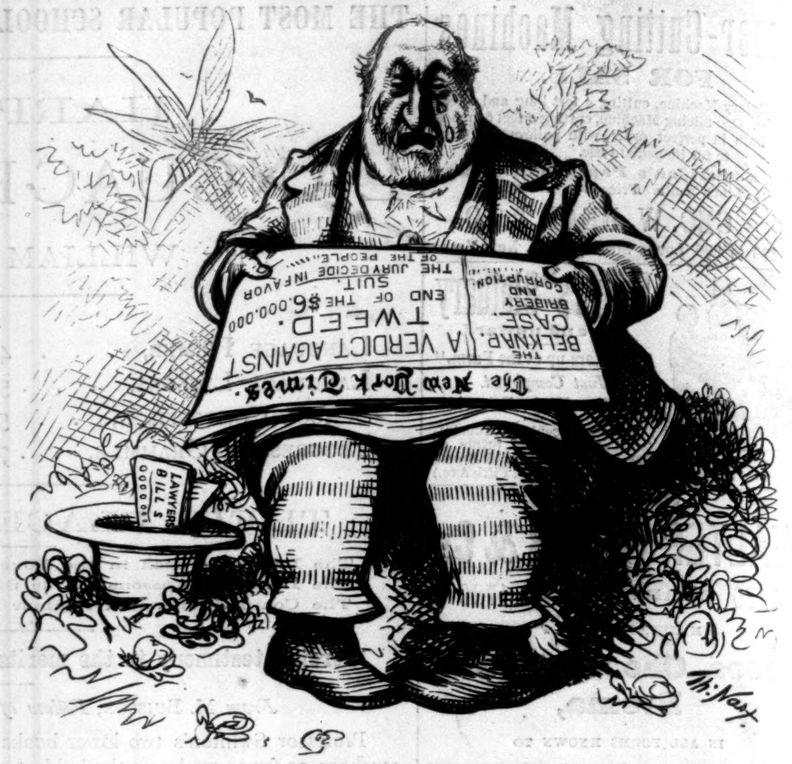
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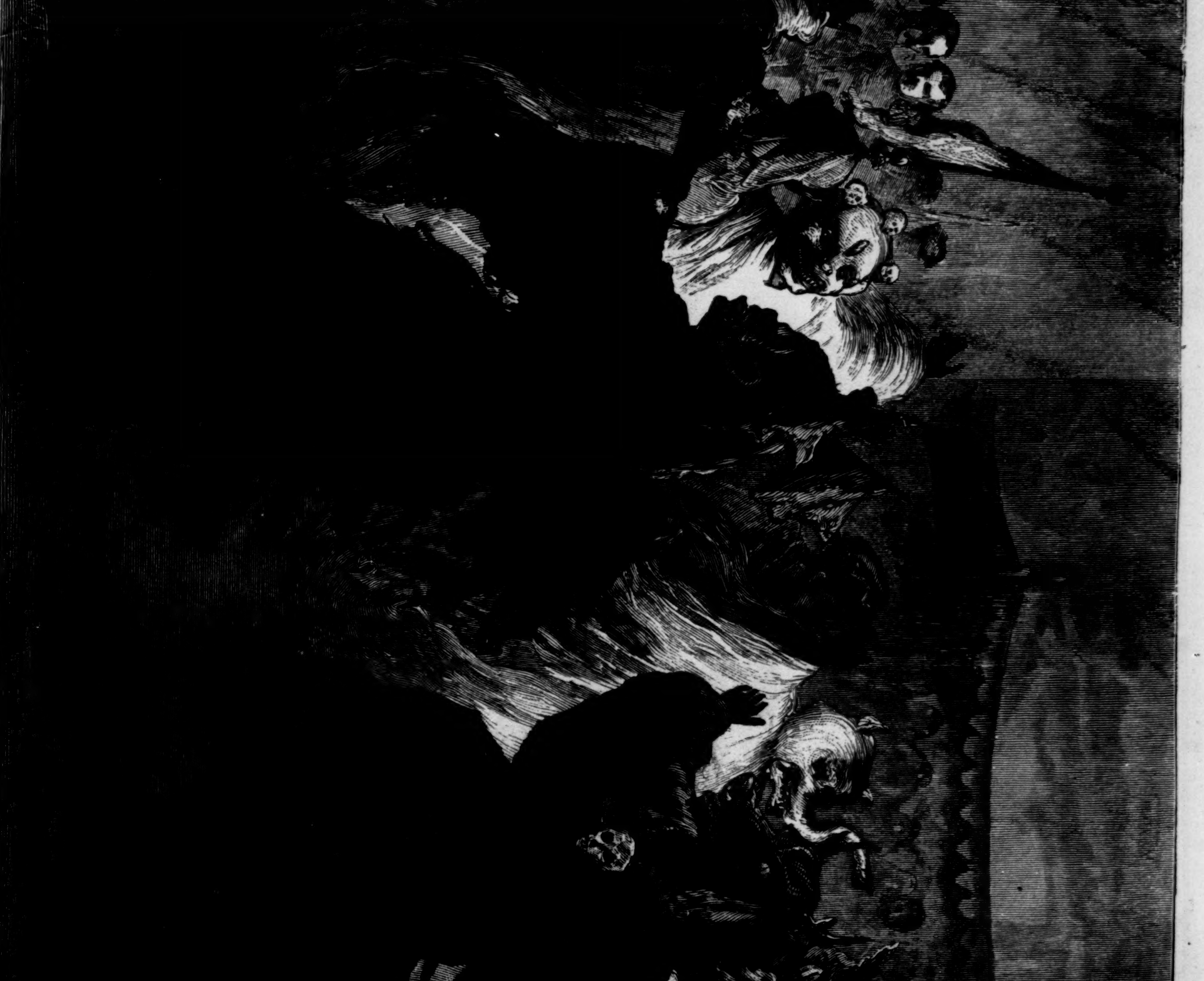
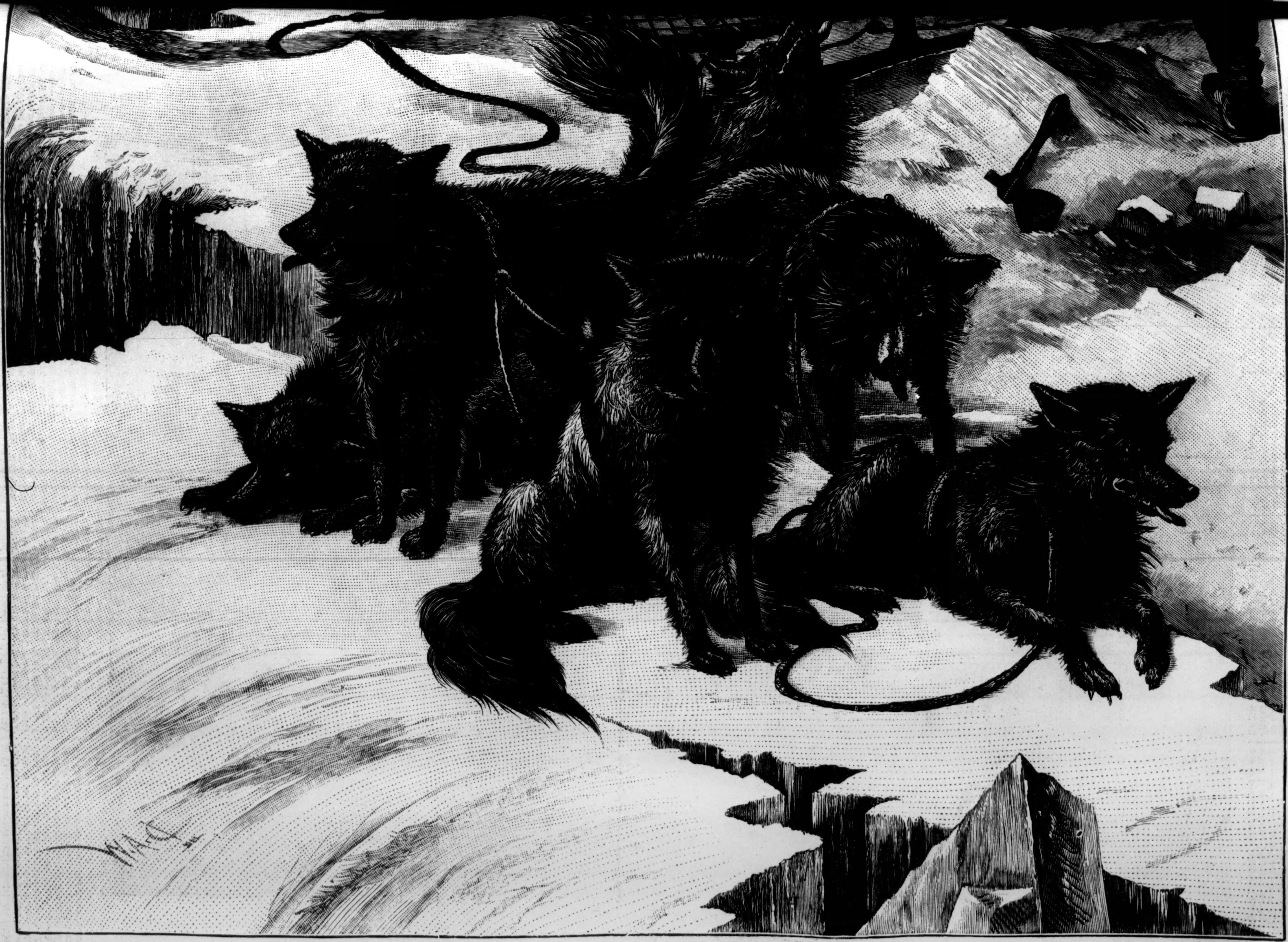
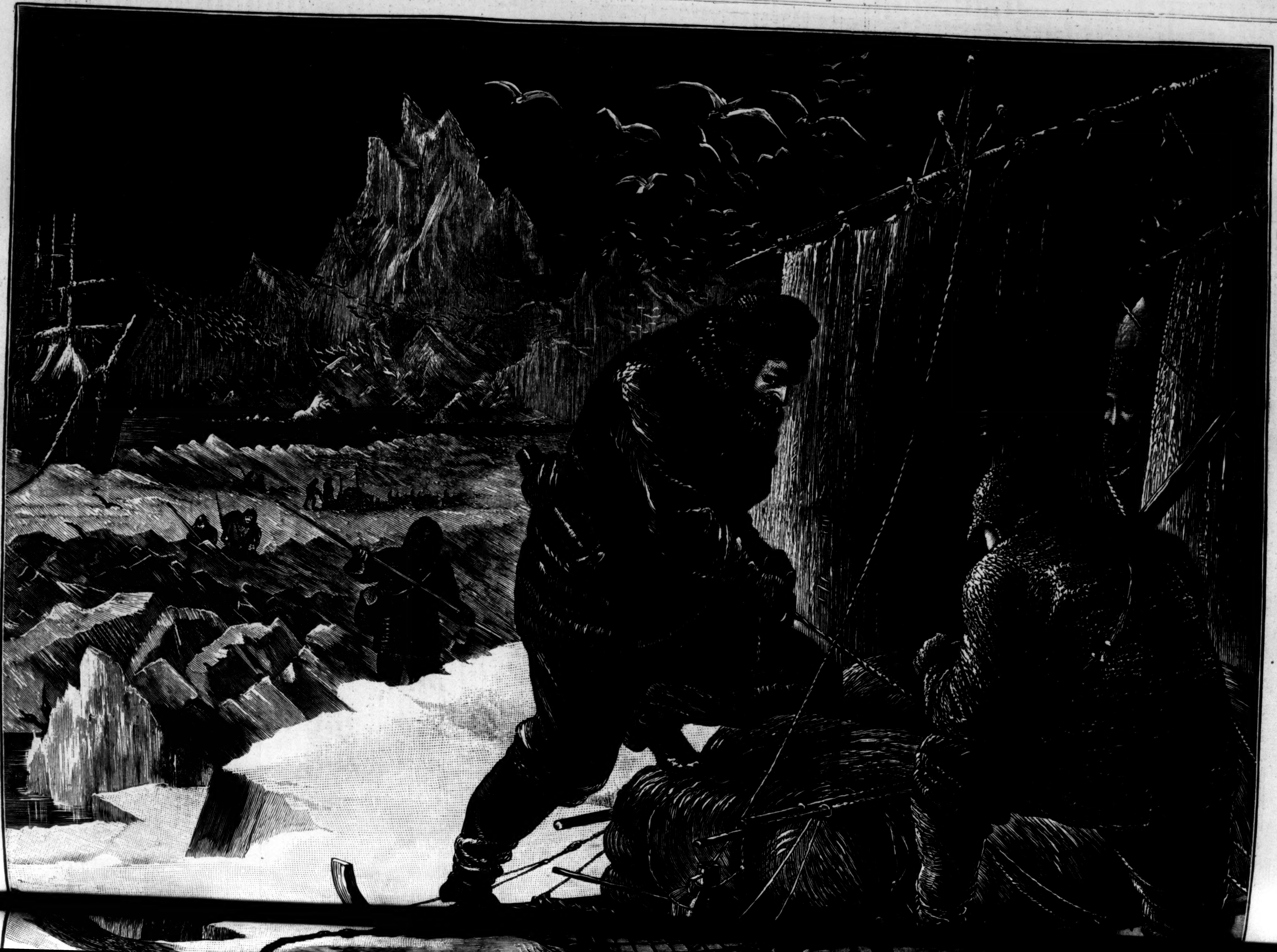
THE LAMA DANCE AT JUMMOO.

THE Prince of Wales, in his Indian tour, spent two days at Jummoo, within the dominions of the Maharajah of Cashmere. Here a dinner party was given in honor of his Royal Highness, and then there was a weird performance of a sacred dancing drama by the Lamas, or Buddhist monks, from Thibet. A correspondent, describing the scene, says it was by far the strangest sight he ever witnessed. "When the floor was cleared, the Lama orchestra came in. It was formed of the musicians who perform in the monasteries, and had four large brazen trumpets, about six or seven feet long, which gave forth a deep sound, as if it were the grumble of an earthquake; there were four drums, reminding one of the old traditional warming-pan, held on end and beaten with a curiously bent drumstick. There were cymbals and other instruments producing a clashing noise. The Lamas, with these articles, came in and squatted down in a long row like sitting Buddhas, and a wild gust of noise from them ushered in the dancers, who came along jumping and whirling in the most outrageous costumes. One man carried an incense vessel in his hands with chains, identically as it is carried in a Roman Catholic church; one man had a hat in color and shape resembling the comb of a cock; but most of them had huge wide-brimmed hats surmounted by tridents and all sorts of things like vanes and weather-cocks, from which long strips of colored silk hung down behind. The costumes were purely Chinese, the body of their dresses being similar to that worn by mandarins, only that they had capes, aprons, and tags and rags of all kinds hanging upon them, which flew out as the dancers went round in their uncouth gambols. After dancing in a circle for a very short time, going round with the right shoulder to the centre, which is the same turn as the praying-wheel goes round, they retired, and very quickly came back again. The large broad-brimmed hats were wanting, and all the dancers had the heads of animals, exactly like what we see in a pantomime: there were ox heads, boar heads, elephant heads, also large grinning and laughing heads painted in all tints. The jumping and whirling round was the same each time they changed their head-dresses. We were led to understand that symbolism was expressed in the costumes, the heads, and in the various parts of this uncouth performance; but its meaning was not at all clear to our Western ideas. Some of the dancers had a large white skull embroidered on their breasts, and many of the heads were ornamented with skulls, indicating the mixture of Siva worship which is incorporated into the Buddhism of Thibet. The Lamas were of the red sect; none of them had yellow robes, but one or two had yellow helmets of the Greek form which is worn by the Buddhist monks in Pekin. The most of them come from near Leh, in Ladak; but many of the costumes were different from what is worn in that locality, and it is probable that one or two were from more distant parts of Thibet. All were of marked Mongolian type of countenance."



LAMA DANCE AT JUMMOO, PERFORMED BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS—PREPARING FOR A SLEDGE JOURNEY OVER THE ICE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]